THE YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

EDITED BY

LARKIN DUNTON, LL.D.
HEAD MASTER BOSTON NORMAL SCHOOL

VOLUME NO. 4.



STORIES OF CHILD LIFE.

BOOK IV.

NAN AT SCHOOL.

BY

ANNA B. BADLAM.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO. PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO

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BY

ANNA B. BADLAM,

TEACHER IN THE RICE TRAINING SCHOOL, BOSTON.

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BOOK IV.

NAN AT SCHOOL.

SILVER, BURDETT, & CO., PUBLISHERS,

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is now conceded by all educators that school instruction should be supplemented by reading-matter suitable for use by the pupil both in the school and in the home. Whoever looks for such reading, however, must be struck at first with the abundance of what is offered to schools and parents, and then with its lack of systematic arrangement, and its consequent ill adaptation to the needs of young people.

It is for the purpose of supplying this defect, that the publishers have decided to issue a series of volumes, under the general title of the Young Folks' Library for School and Home.

These books are intended to meet the needs of all children and youth of school age; from those who have just mastered their first primer, to those who are about to finish the high-school course. Some of the volumes will supplement the ordinary school readers, as a means of teaching reading; some will re-enforce the instruction in geography, history, biography, and natural science;

while others will be specially designed to cultivate a taste for good literature. All will serve to develop power in the use of the mother-tongue.

The matter for the various volumes will be so carefully selected and so judiciously graded, that the various volumes will be adapted to the needs and capacities of all for whom they are designed; while their literary merit, it is hoped, will be sufficient to make them deserve a place upon the shelves of any well-selected collection of juvenile works.

Each volume of the YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY will be prepared by some one of our ablest writers for young people, and all will be carefully edited by Larkin Dunton, LL.D., Head Master of the Boston Normal School.

The publishers intend to make this LIBRARY at once attractive and instructive; they, therefore, commend these volumes, with confidence, to teachers, parents, and all others who are charged with the duty of directing the education of the young.

SILVER, BURDETT, & CO.

PREFACE.

This volume is intended to be read after *Stories of Child Life, Book III.* It is adapted for use as a supplementary reader during the third year of school life. It deals, in the main, with what is familiar to the child. An attempt has been made, in a few instances, to enable the children to construct pictures of scenes in unknown lands; but here most of the ideas needed by them are those gained in their own experience at home. Some lessons will suggest lines of work for the teacher with the children, which, it is hoped, will prove helpful.

The words most needing drill in pronunciation and assistance in understanding, are printed at the beginning of the lessons. These will serve at once as the basis of special instruction by the teacher, and drill in pronunciation and spelling by the pupils.

"The Village Blacksmith" and "Agassiz's Birthday," by Longfellow, are used by the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

LARKIN DUNTON.

Boston, December, 1888.



THE "BONNIE BESS." (Page 203.)

Stories of Child Life.

BOOK IV.

LESSON I.

rain′ing	wink′ing	a gainst′
hold′ing	blink′ing	an′swer
ly′ing	think′ing	sure′ly
wak′ing	cŏv′ered	po lite′
sleep′ing	ex cuse′	blan′kets

1. It is raining. Nan sits holding Jet. Jet is lying in Nan's lap. Jet is not asleep. Her eyes are winking and blinking.

2. She seems to be thinking. What can she be thinking about? Nan is

thinking about the rain. She hears it pattering against the window.

3. The rain-drops come faster and faster. They strike against the door. They strike against the sides of the house. They dash against the windows.

4. "They can't get in, Jet," says Nan. "We must stay inside to-day, and they must stay outside."

5. Jet does not answer. "Why don't you answer, Jet?" says Nan. Jet winks and blinks; she laps Nan's hand with her tongue.

6. Jet's tongue is very rough. "Oh, what a rough tongue!" says Nan. "Spot's tongue is not rough; but yours is very rough. I suppose Spot does not need a rough tongue as much as you do.

7. "You need a rough tongue to smooth your fur. You need it to wash your paws, and you surely need it to lap your milk."

8. Jet does not answer; but she begins to wash her paws with her rough tongue. Then she begins to wash her face with her paws.

9. Then she laps and smooths her fur. Nan watches Jet, and thinks she would not like to wash her face as Jet does; she thinks she would not like to brush her hair as Jet smooths her fur.

10. "Do you know, Jet," says Nan, "what the rain is for?" Jet looks at Nan; but she does not answer.

11. "You see, Jet," says Nan, "the snow has covered the ground all winter. All the little seeds and plants have been covered by the snow all through the long winter.

12. "Now the sun is warmer, and the little seeds and plants are waking up.

13. "They have been sleeping all winter under their blankets of snow.

14. "This rain will wash the snow

away; it will make the ground soft and moist; then the little plants and seeds can put their little heads up out of the ground.

15. "So you see, Jet," she went on, "you must not mind, if you cannot go out to-day. You see how much good this rain is doing."

16. Then Jet stretched out her paws. She put out her claws; she drew them in; she opened her mouth, and yawned.

17. "Oh, Jet!" said Nan, "that is not polite. You must put your paw over your mouth when you yawn. See, when I yawn, I cover my mouth with my hand, and say, 'Excuse me.' Why can't you be polite?"

18. Jet did not answer; she jumped down out of Nan's lap, and went to the window to look out.

19. Do you think Jet knew one word of all that Nan had said?

LESSON II.

sharp′en	per haps′	how ev′er
care′less	watch′ing	yes′ter day
pull′ing	chil′ly	wrapped
cel′lar	crac′kle	prom′ised
for′ward	ēa′ger ly	sev′er al

1. "Mew, mew!" said Jet. "I do wish it would stop raining. I want to go out of doors. I think I'll sharpen my claws; they are very dull."

2. Then she began to draw her claws over the seat of the chair where she was sitting.

3. "Get down, Jet," said Nan. "You will spoil the chair." Jet jumped down, but began to draw her claws over the carpet.

4. "Why, Jet!" said Nan. "How careless you are! You are pulling the threads all out of the carpet. Go down stairs

into the cellar, if you want to sharpen your claws."

5. She took Jet in her arms as she spoke, and carried her out of the room, as far as the kitchen.

6. She gave her a little pat, and then opened the door leading down into the cellar.

7. "There, Jet! Go down cellar and sharpen your claws, if you like; but you can't do it up stairs."

8. Jet ran down stairs with a bound; perhaps she thought she would rather hunt for mice in the cellar than sit watching the rain.

9. Jet did not like rain; she could not bear to wet her feet, and the ground was always so wet after the rain.

10. After Jet had been put down cellar, Nan went back to the sitting-room.

11. There was a bright fire in the grate, and Nan drew her chair up to

the fire, for the rain had made the air chilly.

12. Nan liked to watch the fire. She liked to hear the wood snap and crackle, and she liked to watch for pictures in the fire.

13. Sometimes she would make up long fairy tales about the pictures that she saw in the fire.

14. To-day, however, she was thinking about the rain. She knew very well that the rain was needed to make the flowers grow and the leaves of the trees come out.

15. Yesterday at school Miss White had showed the children some twigs of lilac, and some branches of horse-chestnut.

16. Nan had seen how the buds were all wrapped away, yet ready to wake up when the warm sunshine and gentle showers came.

17. The buds on the cherry-trees were already beginning to swell, showing that before many days they too would wake up.

18. Miss White had asked each of the children to bring a little flower-pot to school. Each flower-pot was to have a strip of paper pasted upon it; on this Miss White said she would write the name of the child to whom the pot belonged.

19. Some of the boys promised to bring a basket of earth, and Nan and some of the girls had promised to bring some corn, beans, and pease to plant.

20. Nan knew something about seeds; for she had had a little garden of her own for several years.

21. Some of the children, however, did not seem to know much about seeds; so Miss White said, "We will all see the seeds sprout this spring.

22. "In each little seed there is a baby plant wrapped away. We shall know all about this when we have used our eyes a little more."

23. All the children were looking eagerly forward to the time when they should know more about seeds.

24. To-day was the first day of a vacation, but none of the children fretted because they could not go out; Miss White had taught them how much the rain softened the ground so that the early flowers could lift their heads.

LESSON III.

na′ture	pa′tient	hard′est
cru′el	fel′lows	in′ter est ing
diz′zy	fool′ish	fa′vor ite
e nough′	danc′ing	fes′ti val

1. The next day dawned clear and bright after the rain.

2. Now and then Nan thought she could hear the song of a bluebird.

3. She was so glad to have the birds come back; but she thought to herself, "There will be something for me to do by and by. I must throw out some bits of cloth, and wool, and thread, for the birds to use to build their nests.

4. "Then, Miss Jet, I shall have to keep my eyes open for you, after the young birds hatch in the nest. I know it is your nature to catch mice and birds; so I suppose you are not cruel to do it, but I should be cruel to let you catch the birds when I can help it.

5. "You know very well, Jet, how hard the mother bird and the father bird work to build the nest and get it ready for the dear little eggs. Then you know how patient the mother is, and how she sits on them till the young birds are hatched.

6. "After the young birds are hatched, they must be fed, and the father bird and the mother bird have their hardest work to do then; for the young birds must be fed a good deal.

7. "They are hungry little fellows, I can tell you, and keep their parents busy flying back and forth with worms, and bugs, and grubs for them to eat."

8. Jet gave a low mew; she thought this sounded very interesting; she liked to hear about young birds; she was very fond of young birds, but not in the same way that Nan was fond of them.

9. Jet began to run around after her own tail. This was a favorite game of hers. She would turn round and round, faster and faster, till she was so dizzy she could not stand.

10. Nan used to call her a foolish pussy not to know enough to stop before she got dizzy.

11. "Why, I go to dancing-school; but I don't dance when I begin to feel dizzy. I sit down and rest for a while, and watch the other children as they dance.

12. "I shall be so glad when May-Day comes; for we are to have a May-Day festival. We are going to dance around the May-pole, and I have no doubt we shall have a gay time.

13. "All the children will be dressed in white dresses with colored sashes; and such beautiful ribbons as they will wear on their hair, you never saw, Miss Jet!

14. "There will be bright-colored ribbons fastened at the top of the May-pole, and we children shall wind in and out to braid them; then we shall wind in and out to unbraid them. I do like May-Day festivals.

15. "Isn't it better sport, Jet, to play with other kittens than to play alone?"

LESSON IV.

af ter noon′	trun′dled	min′utes
rib′bons	guid′ing	va ca′tion
re′al ly	in′ter est ing	pro mo′ted
re mem′ber	gram′mar	Sep tem′ber
ge og′ra phy	en joyed′	A mer′i ca

1. That afternoon Bess came over to see Nan, and to ask if she would go out to roll hoop.

2. There was a smooth plank walk all along the road to the school-house, and it made a fine place to roll hoop.

3. Each of the girls had a fine large hoop, and a good strong hoop-stick.

4. Nan had tied red ribbons across her hoop, and she had tied a red ribbon on her hoop-stick.

5. Bess had tied blue ribbons across her hoop, and a blue ribbon on her hoop-stick.

6. The hoops looked very pretty with

their gay ribbons, as the girls started off.

7. The girls trundled their hoops along, sometimes not striking them at all after they had started; but just guiding them with a touch or two of the sticks.

8. The girls trundled them down to the school-house in about ten minutes.

9. The school-house was closed, of course, as it was vacation.

10. "How queer it seems to have the school-house closed," said Bess. "I like vacation; but I shall really be glad to go back to school when it opens. Shan't you?"

11. "Yes, I know I shall," said Nan. "I have always liked school; but I think I like it better and better each day.

12. "Miss White is so kind, and teaches us so much, and tells us so

many interesting things, that I am really sorry when we have no school."

13. "I shall be sorry to leave her," said Bess. "You know the last time we were promoted, Miss White went with us. Don't you remember she laughed, and said she was promoted too?

14. "This year, you know, she can't go with us; for if we do well, we shall go into the grammar school."

15. "Yes, and the time isn't far off, either," said Nan. "It's April now; then comes May; then June; then comes the summer vacation; and in the fall, that is, in September, I mean, we shall go into the grammar school."

16. "Shall you like to go into the grammar school?" said Bess.

17. "I know I shall enjoy the geography lessons," answered Nan. "I have been so interested in all Miss White tells us about the earth, and I have so

enjoyed that book she has been reading to us."

18. "Oh, you mean 'The Seven Little Sisters,'" said Bess, her face lighting up. "Do you know my mamma had a copy of it when she was a little girl? Doesn't it seem strange?"

19. "When do you think your mamma will come back to America?" asked Nan. "I don't quite know," answered Bess. "She has been away over two years now. In the last letter she wrote, she thought she was growing stronger, and perhaps the doctor would be willing for her to return in the fall."

20. "How lovely that would be," said Nan. "Just think how much she would have to tell you about the countries on the other side of the earth."

21. "It would be nice," answered Bess, "but the best thing would be to have my dear mamma back again. I

should have to go away from here, though, to another school."

22. "Why, so you would," exclaimed Nan. "Well," said Bess, "you must come and make me a long visit, if I ever have to go back to the city.

23. "We could enjoy ourselves. But it is getting late; let's start for home; we can go as far as the corner together."

24. So away the hoops trundled again, their two little owners trying to keep pace with them.

LESSON V.

e'ven ing	an'swered	choc'o lates
daugh'ter	roll'ing	plĕas'ant
ēa'ger ly	laugh'ing	wĕath'er
ex clāimed'	in vi ta'tion	im pos'si ble

1. Nan reached home just in time for tea. Papa and mamma were just going

into the dining-room. "Good evening, little daughter," said papa. "What have you been doing that your cheeks are so rosy?"

2. "Oh, I have been rolling hoop with Bess," answered Nan. "We went as far as the school-house. Do you know, papa, I quite long to get back to school. Vacation is nice, but I think I like school better."

3. "I should think you would like school," answered papa. "I should like to go myself, if I could only be a boy again," and he sighed, as he sat down to the table.

4. Perhaps he was thinking that he had not always wanted to go to school when he was a boy, and now that he was a man he could not go.

5. "How should you and Bess like to go to the city with me some day this week?" asked mamma.

6. "Oh, oh, oh!" cried Nan. "It would be just the thing. Do you really mean to take us?" asked Nan.

7. "If the weather is pleasant, I should like to take you both with me, and let you see the store windows. Perhaps we might find time to go into one or two of the larger toy stores."

8. "Oh, I do hope it will be pleasant!" cried Nan. "When do you think of going, mamma?"

9. "Day after to-morrow. I want to start in the nine o'clock train. It will take us an hour to go to the city; so we shall not be there before ten o'clock.

10. "We shall have three hours to spend before lunch. After lunch we can spare an hour, I think, to go into some of the toy stores."

11. "When may I invite Bess?" asked Nan eagerly. "Not till to-morrow, dear. I will write a little note to

her aunt, to see if she is willing for Bess to go with us."

12. "Come, dear," said papa kindly. "You must eat something, if you *are* making such grand plans."

13. Nan laughed, and said, "But, papa, you are in the city every day, and you don't know what a treat this is going to be."

14. "Yes, I do," he answered in a laughing tone. "It is to be a treat of chocolates, I think. Here is a fifty-cent piece. Perhaps you can find some way to spend it when you get to the city."

15. "Oh, thank you, papa!" exclaimed Nan. "How kind you are. How Bess and I shall enjoy spending this."

16. It seemed to Nan as if she could hardly wait for morning to come that she might carry the note of invitation to Bess; and as for waiting until the day after that, it seemed impossible.

LESSON VI.

brĕak′fast	paint′ed	plen′ty
hap′pi ly	pig′eon	nod′ded
smil′ing ly	de light′ful	im ag′ine
de light′ed	Eas′ter	col′ors

1. Nan woke early the next morning, and her first thought was, "Only to-day, and then Bess and I shall go to the city."

2. Then she thought, "Oh, I do hope Mrs. Bell will let Bess go! I suppose mamma will send the invitation to-day. I'll ask mamma if I can't take my wax doll over to see Bess when I carry the note."

3. After breakfast Nan's mamma said, "Here, dear, I want you to go over to Mrs. Bell's, and see if she will be willing for Bess to go with us to-morrow. If Mrs. Bell is willing for you to stay with Bess this morning, you may stay

there for an hour or two; but do not stay after twelve o'clock."

4. "May I take my doll, mamma?" asked Nan. "Bess and I are making our dolls some new dresses."

5. "Yes, if you like," answered her mamma; "but be careful not to make a litter on the floor when you cut out your doll's dress."

6. "I'll be careful, mamma," said Nan. "Good by."

7. Nan walked along, thinking happily of all she hoped to see in the city the next day. She knew the store windows would be filled with Easter cards and gifts; for next Sunday would be Easter Sunday.

8. Nan had a little egg painted in water colors, that a friend of hers had sent her the year before. It was a pigeon's egg, and had a little spray of forget-me-nots on it.

9. Nan was so busy thinking, that the walk to Mrs. Bell's seemed very short. Bess was at the window. When she saw Nan, she ran to the door to let her in.

10. "Oh, Nan, I am so glad to see you," she said. "I was just thinking about you. How would you like to make some Easter eggs?"

11. "Ever so much," said Nan; "but do you suppose we can? Do you know how?"

12. "Aunt said this morning that she would help us," answered Bess. "Ned wants to help too."

13. "I can stay till twelve o'clock," said Nan. "Will there be time for me to do much?"

14. "Plenty of time," said Mrs. Bell, who had come into the room. "How do you do, Nan? Are you tired of vacation yet?"

15. "I am quite well, thank you,"

answered Nan, kissing Mrs. Bell. "No'm, I'm not tired of vacation yet. Why, I almost forgot what I came for! Here is a note for you, Mrs. Bell. I do hope you will say 'yes.'"

16. Mrs. Bell took the note, opened it, and read it. Then she nodded her head at Nan, as much as to say "Yes."

17. "May I tell Bess about it?" asked Nan. "I have not told her a word about it yet."

18. "Yes," answered Mrs. Bell smilingly, as she went up stairs to write an answer to the note, in order to have it ready for Nan to take back to her mamma, when she should go home.

19. Nan lost no time in telling Bess the delightful plan for the next day. I leave it to you to imagine how delighted Bess was at the thought of going to the city once more. She had not been there for over two years.

LESSON VII.

grum′bled	sev′er al	pack′ag es
oth′er wise	sur prise′	di′a mond
to ma′to	emp′ty	tā ble-spoon′ful
fig′ures	pat′tern	mu′ci lage
fast′ened	Ger′man y	rap′id ly

1. While they were talking, Ned came in; he had been up to the top of the hill to see Gus, and to invite him to come down and help make the Easter eggs.

2. He had found Gus very busy; for his mother was not very well, and there was a good deal for him to do before he could be spared.

3. Gus was such a manly little fellow that he never grumbled when he had a good deal to do for his mother.

4. In fact, he felt rather proud, than otherwise, to be able to help her.

5. So he told Ned that he had better not wait for him; but go back home,

and begin work on the eggs. "I will come in less than an hour," he said.

6. "I have ashes to sift, wood to chop, the wood-box to fill, water to draw, and several other things to do before I can go. So run along, and I'll come as soon as I can."

7. "Why, where's Gus?" asked Bess, in surprise. "Didn't he want to come?"

8. "He'll be here by and by," answered Ned, after he had said "Good morning" to Nan.

9. "Can you stay and help, Nan?" he asked. "We'd like much to have you."

10. "Yes, indeed! I'm very glad to stay," answered Nan. "I never saw any one make Easter eggs."

11. Mrs. Bell soon came down stairs, and called the children into the kitchen.

12. On the table was a basket of fresh eggs, and some little packages of "diamond dye."

13. There was a package of red, one of blue, one of yellow, and one of purple.

14. Mrs. Bell took four empty tomato cans from which the tops had been melted, and set them on the stove, after she had put about a pint of water in each of them.

15. She put a little of the red dye in one can; a little of the blue dye in another; a little of the yellow dye in a third; and a little of the purple dye in the fourth. Then she put a table-spoonful of strong vinegar in each can.

16. She then cut some letters and figures out of paper. She cut out the letters she would need to make the word "Easter"; then she cut out the figures she would need to form the date "1888."

17. It took a good while to cut them out; but after she had made a pattern of

each letter and each figure, the children helped her to cut out more.

18. When there were letters and figures enough to make the word "Easter" and the date "1888" a dozen times, Mrs. Bell got a bottle of very thick mucilage, and fastened the letters and figures to the eggs.

19. Next the eggs had to be set away to dry. All this time the water was boiling in the four tomato cans.

20. While the children were waiting for the mucilage to dry, Mrs. Bell was telling them about the little children in Germany. Gus came in while she was talking.

21. "The little German children have a grand time at Easter. They think the hares bring the eggs. The eggs are hidden in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and the children have great sport in hunting for them."

22. By the time Mrs. Bell had finished her story about Easter in Germany, the eggs were ready to lay carefully in the water, which had been boiling rapidly in the tomato cans.

LESSON VIII.

care′ful ly	beaū′ti ful	wher ev′er
al lowed′	soft′ened	re mained′
suc cess′	ēa′si ly	col′ored
plain′ly	car′ry ing	de cīd′ed
en′tered	pur′ple	cun′ning

1. The cans were moved back very carefully where the water would not boil so hard; for no one wanted to break the eggs.

2. Three eggs were put into each can. They were allowed to boil for ten minutes, so as to make it sure that they were quite hard.

3. They were then taken carefully out of the water. They were a great success. They had taken the dye finely.

4. There were three bright red eggs; three beautiful blue ones; three bright yellow ones; and three of the most beautiful purple.

5. The water had softened the mucilage that held the letters and figures on the eggs, just enough to make them pull off easily.

6. The children had to let the eggs cool a little before they could handle them without burning their fingers.

7. When the eggs were somewhat cool, the paper letters and figures were taken carefully off with a pin. Wherever the letters and figures had been, the shell of the eggs remained white; all the rest of the shell was colored. On each egg could be read very plainly, "Easter, 1888."

8. The children were much pleased with their success, and thanked Mrs. Bell for her kindness in showing them how to make Easter eggs.

9. By this time it was nearly twelve o'clock; so Nan started for home, carrying the note for mamma and her doll in one hand, and her share of the eggs in a basket in the other hand.

10. Mrs. Bell had kindly given her three of the eggs, and had put them into a cunning little basket so she would not break them.

11. "You may keep the basket for a nest for your eggs," she said.

12. You will be interested to know what were the colors of the eggs Nan chose.

13. It was rather hard for her to choose; but at last she decided on a red one, a yellow one, and a purple one. Were they not pretty?

14. It was a happy little face that looked up and nodded to mamma, who sat at the window watching for Nan, as she entered the gate.

LESSON IX.

rap′id ly	good-na′tured	dis′tance
rum′bled	dif′fer ent	ū′su al
oat′meal	po ta′toes	beef′steak
muf′fins	re mem′ber	wo′ful
wil′ful	hun′gry	pēo′ple

1. Nan was so busy all that afternoon telling mamma about the Easter eggs, and the story that Mrs. Bell had told her about the little German children, that the time passed very rapidly.

2. "Why, where has the afternoon gone?" she asked in surprise as the tea-bell rang.

3. Nan went to bed very early that

night; for mamma thought she had had a very busy, as well as a very happy day, and she wanted Nan to be fresh for her trip to the city the next day.

4. Nan slept soundly all night, and woke fresh and bright the next morning.

5. The sun looked in at her and seemed to laugh, "Ha, ha! You couldn't go to the city if I didn't help. I feel good-natured this morning; so I'm going to shine brightly all day."

6. The early train of steam-cars in the distance rumbled along, and the whistle sounded, as much as to say, "Keep out of the way. We're busy. We must get into the city. Clear the way! Hoo-oo!"

7. Nan laughed as she dressed herself, and she called to mamma, "Mamma, what do you think Ned says the cars say when one is riding in them?"

8. "I'm sure I don't know," answered mamma from the next room.

9. "He says they say, 'I'll take you there, I'll bring you back,'" laughed Nan.

10. "Well, if they promise that, they surely keep their promise," said papa. "They do that for me every day."

11. It took Nan a little longer than usual to dress that morning; perhaps it was because she tried to hurry; perhaps it was because she had to put on a different dress and different boots from those she wore every day.

12. I think, sometimes, we forget, when we are in a hurry to do anything, that "Haste makes waste."

13. Mamma told Nan she must eat a good breakfast; so Nan did her best to eat what papa put upon her plate.

14. The cook had given them a very good breakfast that morning.

15. There was oatmeal and cream; baked potatoes; nice juicy beefsteak and

corn muffins; then there was clear golden coffee for papa and mamma, and a cup of cocoa for Nan.

16. No one could have found fault with such a breakfast. In fact, I don't know why any one should ever find fault with one's food. Think of some of the poor people, who are glad to get even the scraps from our tables.

17. Do you remember the little poem which follows?

"I must not throw upon the floor
The crust I cannot eat;
For many little hungry ones
Would think it quite a treat.

18. "For wilful waste makes woful want;
And I might live to say,
Oh, how I wish I had the bread
That once I threw away."

19. You should never waste what might be useful to others.

LESSON X.

e noŭgh′	smil′ing	hap′pi ness
tōwards	danc′ing	tick′ets
ear′ly	sta′tion	plen′ty
plat′form	nod′ding	ex cit′ed
back′wards	mov′ing	pas′sen gers

1. Nine o'clock would come quickly enough, and so Nan and mamma went up stairs just after breakfast.

2. It did not take long to put the rooms in order; and a few minutes after, Nan and mamma had put on their bonnets and cloaks, and had started towards Mrs. Bell's house to call for Bess.

3. Nan's face looked very smiling from under her little silk bonnet. Her eyes were dancing for very happiness, as she skipped along by mamma's side.

4. They had not gone very far when they met Bess and Ned coming towards them. Mrs. Bell had some fear that the

clock was not quite right, and so had started Bess a little early. She had sent Ned with her to take care of her till she should find Mrs. Bell.

5. "Ah! here you are, Bess, just in time," said Nan.

6. They all walked towards the station. Nan's mamma bought tickets; three to the city, and three to return.

7. "We will get return tickets now," she said, "while there is plenty of time. We may be in a hurry when we come back; and there is often a crowd at the ticket-office in the city."

8. It was not long before the train came, and Nan, Bess, and Nan's mamma were quickly in their places.

9. Ned stood on the platform waving his hat, and Nan and Bess stood at the car-window nodding to him.

10. At last the bell rang for the third time, and the train started.

11. Nan and Bess had all they could do to sit still, they felt so excited; but when Nan's mamma spoke to them, they each sat down quietly by the car-windows, and looked out.

12. The houses, trees, stone-walls, and posts along the track seemed to be flying backwards.

13. It was hard sometimes to believe that all these things were not moving; but that the train itself was moving.

LESSON XI.

mĕad'ows	un wise'	fac'to ries
sta'tion	whizzed	en'gine
mo'ment	bridg'es	fi'nal ly
brisk'ly	con duc'tor	rail'ing
shout'ing	fright'ened	for got'ten

1. By and by the fields and meadows grew less and less, and the houses did

not seem nearly so much like farm-houses.

2. Now and then the train would stop at a station, and some of the passengers would get out, or new ones come in.

3. Nan and Bess were much interested in watching the people get out and in.

4. Sometimes a man would be late for the train; and come running up at the last moment, just as the train was ready to start.

5. "That's a very unwise thing to do," said mamma to Nan, as a man jumped on while the train was moving.

6. "Many a person has lost his life by trying to catch a train in that way. That man, I think, was one of the 'Wait-a-minute boys' when he was little. 'Wait-a-minute boys' make, I fear, the sort of men who come at the last minute."

7. On, on, whizzed the train, under

bridges, past factories, till at last the children knew they must be drawing near the city, because the houses were placed so thickly.

8. At last the train entered the long depot. The engine puffed and puffed, and finally stood still, though the bell was ringing briskly.

9. As soon as the train stopped, Nan and her mamma and Bess stepped out.

10. The conductor stood on the platform of the depot, and helped each lady passenger out of the car.

11. At one side of the platform, over near the wall, was a railing. Inside of this railing were as many as twenty men, all shouting, "Have a hack!—Have a hack!—Have a hack!"

12. Nan and Bess were very glad to get away from the sound of their voices.

13. You see two quiet little girls were almost frightened by the noise of a great

city depot. Bess had lived in the city it is true; but she had been with her aunt so long that she had almost forgotten what the city was like.

LESSON XII.

bus'tle	rĕg'is ter	pave'ment
con fu'sion	im pos'si ble	gen'tle man
her'dics	po lice'man	pret'ti er
com'fort a bly	pleas'ant ly	bon'bons
can'dies	won'der ful	clus'tered

1. The clock was just striking ten as our friends stepped out of the depot.

2. Everywhere there seemed to be bustle and confusion around the depot.

3. Horse-cars, hacks, herdics, and teams crowded the streets, till it seemed almost impossible to cross.

4. At last a pleasant-faced policeman held up his finger for the drivers on

several of the teams and hacks to stop, and then helped our friends across the street.

5. Just as they were stepping up on the pavement, a gentleman who was passing lifted his hat, stopped, and said, "Why, Mrs. Hale! How do you do? It is a long time since I have seen you. I am very glad to meet you."

6. "How do you do, Mr. Chase," answered Nan's mamma. "Yes, it is a long time since we have seen each other. How is Mrs. Chase?"

7. "Quite well, thank you," answered Mr. Chase. "Is this little Nan?"

8. "Not very little, now," answered Mrs. Hale. "She is getting to be quite a large girl."

9. "And who is this?" asked Mr. Chase, bending down to speak to Bess.

10. "This is Nan's little friend, Bess Howard," answered Mrs. Hale. "We

have come to the city to-day to have a look at the Easter cards and gifts."

11. "Well, you have a treat before you," said Mr. Chase. "I never saw the store windows look prettier." Then, lifting his hat, he passed on.

12. It did not take long to find a horse-car that would carry them near the large stores; and in a few minutes Mrs. Hale, Nan, and Bess were comfortably seated in a horse-car, going rapidly toward the south part of the city.

13. Nan and Bess were much amused looking out of the car windows at the people and teams in the street.

14. They were much interested, too, in seeing the conductor register the fares on something that looked like a big clock, at one end of the car.

15. It seemed as if they had been riding only a few minutes, when Mrs. Hale nodded to the conductor to stop the car.

16. The conductor was very kind, and helped Nan and Bess out of the car.

17. They did not forget to thank him, and he nodded pleasantly as the car went on.

18. I cannot begin to tell you all the pretty sights the children saw that day.

19. They stopped before one window that was just filled with Easter gifts.

20. Most of these gifts were meant for boxes to hold bonbons or candies.

21. The children had never seen such wonderful boxes before. Some were in the form of hens with groups of chickens clustered about them; if you lifted off the head of the hen, or any of the chickens, you would find the body was a box to be filled with goodies.

22. There were hares, large and small; some sitting, some standing on their hind legs, some eating a carrot, and others nibbling a bit of cabbage. All these

were boxes to be filled with various kinds of candies.

23. The children would have called the hares *rabbits*, if they had not remembered Mrs. Bell's story about the little German children who hunt at Easter for the eggs that they believe the hares have brought.

24. There were baskets of eggs; nests of eggs with a hen sitting in them,—all toys, of course.

25. There were real eggs, painted, with beautiful sprays of flowers on them.

26. Some could be hung by a bright-colored ribbon; others, by a bright-colored cord.

27. Mrs. Hale told the children that the contents of the eggs had been blown out.

28. "A little hole is pierced in each end," she said, "and then the contents has to be blown out by the breath. It is

rather a hard thing to do, and it must be done very carefully, so as not to break the shell."

29. The stores were so attractive that Mrs. Hale found it rather hard to get any of her shopping done.

LESSON XIII.

be lēve′	to ma′to	com′fort a bly
wheth′er	ken′nel	scam′pered
oys′ters	quar′ter	Wes′ton

1. One o'clock came almost before the children could believe it.

2. Mrs. Hale then took them to lunch. It was very cosy to sit down at a little round table, and to call for just what they wanted.

3. Mrs. Hale let the children choose whether they would have chicken, or roast beef, or oysters, for lunch.

4. It was rather odd that they both chose oysters.

5. Nan had hers stewed; Bess had hers on toast; while Mrs. Hale had some tomato soup and some cold chicken.

6. Nan and Bess enjoyed their lunch very much indeed. They found it rather hard not to look about them; but they knew it was rude to stare at people; so they tried not to turn their heads to watch the people coming and going, and the waiters darting back and forth with well-filled trays in their hands.

7. While Mrs. Hale was having a cup of tea, Nan and Bess were enjoying a glass of rich milk from "Oak Grove Farm Dairy."

8. They found it almost as nice as the milk they were in the habit of drinking at home. I must not forget to say that Nan bought her chocolates here with the fifty-cent piece papa had given her.

9. After lunch Mrs. Hale took the children into two of the largest toy stores in the city.

10. They almost held their breath as they saw some of the toys that could be wound up like a clock.

11. Some of them seemed as if they must be real. There was one, a little pug dog, that came out of his kennel, barked, and went back again.

12. There was a bear that rolled its eyes, and thrust out its tongue enough to frighten one who did not know it was a toy.

13. "Come, children," said Mrs. Hale, at last, looking at her watch, "I think we must be going." Before she left the store, however, she bought two boxes of games for Ned and Gus, and two boxes of drawing cards for Nan and Bess.

14. Passing out of the store, it did not take long to find a car to take them to

the depot. In about a quarter of an hour they were there, and found the train ready on a side track.

15. They got in and were comfortably seated before the crowd came.

16. "Ding, dong," went the bell, and people hurried to get into the cars.

17. "Ding, dong — ding, dong!" it sounded once more. "All aboard for Weston and way stations," shouted the conductor, and away went the train.

18. You could not have found on the whole train two people, large or small, who were more happy or more tired than Nan and Bess were.

19. They were glad enough to hear the conductor call, "Weston; passengers for Weston."

20. Bess stayed at Nan's house over night; for her auntie had said she might do so. Both little girls were glad enough to go to bed very early.

LESSON XIV.

ques'tions	dis may'	gen'er ous ly
par tic'u lar ly	rogu'ish	va nil'la
ve loc'i pedes	spar'kle	rasp'berry
or'ange	cof'fee	fla'vors

1. The little girls were very tired that night; but a good night's sleep rested them, and they were then ready to tell Ned and Gus about what they had seen. They met them at Mrs. Bell's.

2. The boys were much interested in hearing about the toys that moved by clock-work.

3. They asked all sorts of questions about the balls and marbles to be found in the large toy stores. Gus was particularly interested to know about velocipedes, and Ned wanted to know if the girls had seen any printing-presses.

4. Nan and Bess looked at each other in dismay; they had never thought to

look at boys' toys. "I'll tell you, Ned," said Nan, "I'll ask papa to take you and Gus to the city some day, and then you can see for yourselves."

5. "Did you buy anything in the city?" asked Ned. "Didn't we?" said Nan, with a roguish look at Bess.

6. Then she opened the box of chocolates.

7. You should have seen the boys' eyes sparkle as they saw what was in the box.

8. "Help yourselves," said Nan generously. "They are of all flavors; strawberry, vanilla, lemon, orange, coffee, and raspberry. There are some with nuts in them too.

9. "Where's your mamma, Ned? I think she might like some," said Nan.

10. "She's up stairs, sewing," said Ned. "You may go up and see her if you want to."

11. Mrs. Bell was very glad to see her, and took two or three of the chocolates from the box, which Nan offered her.

12. "They are delicious," she said, as she tasted one. "I am very fond of fine chocolates."

13. "Have some more, won't you?" asked Nan. "See how many I have."

14. "No, thank you, Nan," answered Mrs. Bell. "I have plenty; but let me give you a little bit of advice. Don't eat too many at a time, and tell the other children not to eat too many. Chocolate-creams are a very delicious, but a very rich, candy."

15. "We'll remember," said Nan. "We'll save some for another day. They'll taste better if we eat a few at a time."

16. I wish you could have seen the boys' faces when they saw the boxes of games that Mrs. Hale had bought for

them in the city. They were just as much interested in the drawing cards that she had bought Nan and Bess, as the little girls themselves were.

17. The children passed a delightful morning playing with the new games, and using the new drawing cards.

18. They began to think that the vacation might be too short after all.

19. In the afternoon the boys went to the brook to catch some trout for supper.

20. Their hooks and lines were in good order, and, perhaps, if it had not been so early in the season, they might have caught some trout.

21. As it was, they did not get a bite; not even a nibble. The boys were quite disappointed; but they forgot all about it when they got back to Mrs. Bell's.

22. She was going to have hot griddle-cakes and maple syrup, and she invited Gus to stay to supper.

23. "I'll just run up the hill, home," said Gus, "and see if mamma is willing."

24. "Yes, do," said Ned. "You don't know what nice griddle-cakes mamma makes."

25. Away sped Gus to get permission. "Isn't Gus a thoughtful boy?" said Ned. "He never forgets to ask his mother if he may do anything. I think it's hard to remember always."

26. "Not hard, if you form a habit of remembering to do right, my boy," said Mrs. Bell. "Gus has got into the habit of doing right, and I think he is much happier for it. It will take only a few minutes for him to run and get permission, and think how much more he will enjoy himself."

27. "Here he comes now," cried Bess. "He's tossing up his cap, that means he can stay."

28. Gus came in with his cheeks rosy

with health, and his eyes sparkling with happiness; for his mamma had willingly given her little boy permission to stay to supper at Mrs. Bell's.

LESSON XV.

ei'ther	min'utes	ex act'ly
col'lar	sor'ry	shoul'der
pol'ished	af'ter wards	sup pose'
se'cret	want'ed	grid'dle
laugh'ing	quick'ly	A mer'ican

1. "You were not gone very long, Gus," said Mrs. Bell, smiling at him. "You have not been idle either. I see some very neat looking hair; a fresh collar, and some well-polished boots; hands and face, too, as clean as soap and water can make them. Tell us the secret, Gus, for I think Ned would like to know."

2. Gus turned a little red in the face, as he said: "Mamma has taught me to look out for the minutes. I have formed the habit now, so it isn't really very hard. Sometimes I forget; but I'm always sorry afterwards. I have often very much wanted the few minutes that I've lost or wasted."

3. "I don't see how you blacked your boots so quickly," said Ned, looking at the well-polished boots that Gus had on. "I couldn't do such quick work as that. Do you work by steam?"

4. "Not exactly," said Gus, laughing and throwing his arm over Ned's shoulder. "That's another secret. I black both pairs of my boots at night. If I get one pair muddy, as I did to-day fishing, I have another pair waiting. It is a great help if you're in a hurry, as I was to-night to get back here.

5. "It doesn't take long to brush your

hair, or wash your hands and face. It isn't very much work to put on a fresh collar either."

6. "No; I don't suppose it is," said Ned; "but come up stairs won't you? I've been seeing mother fry griddle-cakes, and I'm not a bit tidy for tea."

7. The two boys went up stairs to Ned's room, which opened out of Mrs. Bell's.

8. It was a very cosey room; but any one would have known that it belonged to a boy.

9. Over the mantel-piece was a pair of deer's horns. In one corner was a large American flag; that was Ned's pride and delight every Fourth of July. A toy cannon stood on a small shelf with one or two toy pistols and a pop-gun for company.

10. Ned was a boy who liked fun; but he was a careful boy too. His father

knew he could trust him, and so had allowed him to have these toys. In some boys' hands they would have been very dangerous.

11. Mr. Bell did not approve of using powder; but he was quite willing for Ned to make all the noise he wished. Each Fourth of July he had a large package of fire-crackers and torpedoes sent from the city. There were fire-crackers and torpedoes, large and small.

12. Ned always used the cannon fire-crackers in his cannon, and the small ones in his pistols. In this way he was in no danger of burning himself, as he would have been, if he had used powder, or if he had held the crackers in his hand.

13. Mrs. Bell had been very timid about the use of powder; for she had known of several boys who had met with bad accidents.

14. One poor boy had shot away two fingers while firing a cannon; another had burned his face severely; and a third had destroyed the eyesight of a playmate who was with him.

15. I am inclined to think that the pain was more than the pleasure each time.

16. However, we have forgotten about Ned and Gus, who were still in this interesting room, that would have delighted any boy's heart.

LESSON XVI.

changed	coŭs'in	cheer'ful
slip'per	birth'day	stu'dent
prom'ised	sur prise'	cŏv'ered
shab'by	friend'ly	squeeze
i de'a	re mem'ber	plĕas'ure

1. "See here, Gus," said Ned, after he had washed his face and hands till they

shone, had brushed his hair, put on a fresh collar, and changed his boots for a pair of slippers.

2. "What do you think about painting my sail-boat over? Bess has promised to hem me a new sail, and mamma has promised me a new flag. The boat looks rather shabby as she is. How do you think it would do to give her a coat of white paint, and paint a new name on her in green letters?"

3. "It's a good idea," said Gus. "What name have you thought of?"

4. "I'd like to name her after Bess," said Ned. "She is such a dear good cousin. She is always ready to help me in any way she can. How do you think 'Bonny Bess' would do for a name?"

5. "It would be just the thing," said Gus. "When does Bess have a birthday? Can't we keep it a surprise for her till her birthday?"

6. "That's a real bright idea, Gus," said Ned. "Bess will be eight years old in about six weeks, and, of course, we can get the boat ready in that time."

7. "Boys, boys!" called Mrs. Bell. "Remember, griddle-cakes don't improve by waiting. Supper is on the table. Are you nearly ready, Ned?"

8. "Yes, mamma, we're coming," cried Ned, and the two boys went down stairs into the pleasant dining-room.

9. There was a red checked table-cloth on the table, and this, with the bright light from the brass student-lamp, made the well-spread table look very cheerful.

10. A large covered dish stood in front of Mr. Bell, who had come in a few minutes before.

11. "You must make the most of your treat to-night," said Mrs. Bell. "It is getting almost too warm to have griddle-cakes now."

12. "It's too bad, auntie," said Bess, giving her aunt's hand a little squeeze, "we have all the pleasure, and you have all the work."

13. "Not quite all work," said Mrs. Bell, looking at her with a loving smile. "It's a pleasure to make them for you all, when I know you enjoy them so; but, I think, we might find something we should enjoy quite as much, and leave griddle-cakes for next winter."

14. "Then this is a farewell to the griddle-cakes," said Mr. Bell, who, while Mrs. Bell was talking, had lifted the cover from the dish, and was now helping each one to the smoking griddle-cakes.

15. "Oh, papa," said Ned, as he stopped laughing, "what a funny man you are!"

16. The dainty griddle-cakes were certainly a success. Everybody was busy for a few minutes, spreading the delicate

brown cakes with fresh new butter, and pouring the amber-colored maple syrup over them.

17. "Slowly, boys; eat slowly," cautioned Mr. Bell. "Remember that your teeth were given to you for a wise purpose. Always remember that your teeth must act not only like a pair of scissors to cut your food, but that they are to act like a mill, and grind your food as well."

18. He nodded pleasantly at them, as he said this, and the boys looked up at him as if they meant to remember his advice.

19. "How forgetful I am!" said Mrs. Bell. "I have some nice hot cocoa here Who will have a cup?" Four smiling faces answered her. I think Mr. Bell was as pleased as the children to get a cup of the fragrant cocoa.

20. "How I do like the smell of

cocoa!" exclaimed Bess. "Once, when I was at home in the city, mamma and papa took me out driving with them, and we drove by the chocolate mill. Why, auntie, do you know we smelled the chocolate ever so long before we got to the mill, and for quite a while after we drove by it!"

21. "Yes, dear; I have been by that same mill," said her aunt. "I remember very well how hungry the smell of the chocolate made me.

22. "I remember when I was a little girl that I considered it a great treat to go to my grandmother's to supper; for I always had dip-toast and cocoa.

23. "Grandmother knew I was very fond of both, and always had them for me. I think I liked the dip-toast because I always had red-currant jelly to eat with it."

LESSON XVII.

clus′tered	drift′ed	sau′cers
un in′ter est ing	chub′by	trĕas′ures
a rith′me tic	in′ter est	cŏm′pa ny
va ca′tions	most′ly	u′su al ly
con tent′ed	im ag′ine	in′va lid

1. "I can't really think that you were ever little like me," said Bess.

2. "I was a very happy little girl when I was about your age," said her aunt, as the family rose from the table.

3. "Children did not have nearly as many toys and books as they do now; but, I think, they were quite as happy as the children of to-day."

4. "Did you go to school?" asked Gus, as the three children clustered around Mrs. Bell.

5. "Yes; I went to a little red school-house, where I learned to name my letters and spell words of two or three

letters the first year. The next year I was put into a higher class, and learned to read, 'I go up. Do I go up? I do go up,' and such uninteresting stories.

6. "When I got so I could read short easy little stories there never was a happier child.

7. "When I was a little older, I had a yellow-covered arithmetic to read from. It began in this way, 'Jump one, quick two, lazy three, four, five, six.' You see it was not at all like the way you were taught when you first went to school."

8. "Did you like school, mamma?" asked Ned.

9. "Very much, dear, though it was very hard to get to school in the cold winter days.

10. "Sometimes the snow would be badly drifted, and, as we had to go across a field to the school-house, it was not always very easy work."

11. "You said '*we*,' mamma. Whom did you mean?"

12. "I meant my brother Willie and myself. Willie was younger than I, and as he was short and chubby, he found it rather hard to keep up with me, and I found it rather hard work to help him along."

13. "Did you have any vacations?" asked Gus. "Not as many as you do now, and the vacations were not so long. We had but three weeks in the summer, and we thought that a good long vacation."

14. "What did the children do in vacation, auntie?" asked Bess, looking at her with eyes full of interest.

15. "Very much as children do now. We played games, read our story-books, sewed for our dolls, and helped our mothers in little ways.

16. "We had very few story-books,

and those we had we read over and over, until we almost knew them by heart.

17. "Our dolls and toys were mostly home-made, and I don't think Bess ever enjoyed her set of dishes as I enjoyed my acorn cups and saucers.

18. "We always begged for all the pieces, if a cup or saucer or plate got broken, and we looked upon these little bits of china as real treasures.

19. "I remember I had some pieces of china with little rosebuds painted on them, and when my dolls had company to tea, I always used my 'rosebud set,' as I called it."

20. "I should have liked to play with such little girls," said Bess, with a sigh. "I don't think little girls now-a-days have as good times."

21. "Fie, fie, Bess!" said her uncle, looking up from his newspaper. "We make our own pleasure. Your aunt and

her playmates were happy little girls, and they got pleasure out of even a few bits of broken china. Try to be just as happy with your fine dolls and dolls' china."

22. Bess hung her head. She was usually a very contented little girl; but sometimes she imagined that other people had more to make them happy than she did.

23. Poor little girl! She missed her mamma, who was an invalid, and had been away across the sea for more than two years.

24. Auntie was very, very kind to her, and as she had no little girls of her own, she made a great pet of Bess; but even a kind auntie cannot fill the place of a loving mother.

25. Bess was very fond of her aunt, but yet she did sometimes miss her own mother very much.

LESSON XVIII.

in stĕad′	pa′tient	dis con tent′ed
twin′kle	un wil′ling ly	nat′u ral
ex pe′ri ence	fo′li age	whis′per ing
naugh′ty	twit′ter ing	noth′ing
beau′ti ful	en coŭr′age	un com′fort a ble

1. "Didn't you ever want to stay away from school, mamma?" asked Ned, who sometimes longed to be out of doors, instead of in the school-room, when the bright spring days came.

2. "Not very often," said mamma, with a twinkle in her eye. "I once had a very hard experience by staying away from school."

3. "Oh, tell us!" cried the children. "Do tell us! Why, were you ever naughty, real naughty?" asked Ned, looking at his mother with eyes full of wonder.

4. "I'm afraid I was," answered Mrs. Bell. "I am afraid my mother and father had need to be very patient, just as other mothers and fathers have need to be now-a-days."

5. The children looked at one another with a little look that meant, "I don't believe that she could have been as naughty as we are sometimes."

6. "Well," said Mrs. Bell, "I'm almost ashamed to tell you; but perhaps you can learn a lesson from my experience. One beautiful summer morning, Willie and I started off to school rather unwillingly.

7. "The air was fresh and pure; the sun sent dancing beams through the foliage of the trees; the birds were flying about, twittering for very joy; the flowers in the field nodded to us; and the bees, just starting out for the day, seemed to call to us, 'Come, come!'

8. "'Oh dear!' sighed Willie, 'I don't want to go to school. Let's not go,' he added the next moment.

9. "I was older than Willie; I knew better than to encourage him in his discontented thoughts; but I felt naughty that morning, I am sorry to say.

10. "I did not say anything for a moment; then I said, 'Well, I'll stay out, if you will.' My voice did not sound natural as I said this. It seemed like some one's else voice, not at all like mine.

11. "It seemed to me as if the very trees were whispering my words from their tops, 'She'll stay out, if he will.'

12. "The flowers nodded to one another, 'She'll stay out, if he will'; the bees buzzed and hummed, 'She'll—stay—out—if—he—will.'

13. "I took hold of Willie's hand and said, 'No, no; let's go to school'; but

Willie began to cry and say, 'You said you'd stay out, if I would.'

14. "Say all I could, he would not listen, but kept saying softly between his sobs, 'You — said — you'd — stay — out — if I would.'

15. "I think he was afraid to cry or speak very loud for fear even the birds might hear him.

16. "'There, there!' I said. 'I will; but I'm sorry I ever said so. I don't know what made me in the first place. Come; if we're going to stay out, we must hide till after school time.'

17. "We looked about in the field for a place where the grass had not been trodden down. It was not quite haying time, and the grass was very tall. We found a place where it grew nearly as tall as Willie's head; there we sat down, feeling very naughty, and very, very uncomfortable.

18. "The grass was so tall that we were hidden from sight, and we could see nothing over the top of it.

19. "It was not quite dry either, and it was not long before Willie began to sneeze. 'Oh, Willie!' I cried. 'You're taking cold. Come, let's go to school!' but Willie was still feeling naughty; the sorry feeling had yet to come.

20. "He covered his chubby little nose and rosy lips with his dimpled hands, and said, looking up at me from under his straw hat, 'I won't let the sneeze be heard.'

21. "His voice sounded very muffled; but I did not feel like smiling. The sun came out hotter and hotter; now and then a passing wind would rustle the grass, and we would listen anxiously.

22. "Every sound startled us; for we feared some one would discover our hiding-place. We stayed there the whole

morning, not daring to come out, and poor Willie grew very tired, very cross, and very hungry.

23. "We heard the village clock strike hour after hour; but there we stayed."

LESSON XIX.

wrin′kled	hor′rid	pa′tient ly
tum′bled	pun′ish ment	com′fort ed
un hap′py	sev′er al	in′ter est
guil′ty	op′po site	thank′ing
tru′ant	lis′tened	naugh′ty

1. "At last we heard the clock strike twelve; and after waiting a little while, we came out of our hiding-place, and went home.

2. "Willie's face was burned with the sun, and he had cried, and rubbed his face with his dirty hands until it was covered with great streaks of dirt.

3. "My dress was wrinkled and tumbled, and we must have looked very dirty, very unhappy, and very guilty as we went slowly into the house.

4. "'Why, where have you two children been?' cried my mother severely. 'You have been playing truant. Go right up stairs to your rooms, and undress. I'll be up there in a moment.'

5. "'It's that horrid bee that's told!' said Willie, sobbing, as he tried to untie a knot in his shoe-string. 'I knew he'd tell. He kept saying so to me all the time I was hiding.'

6. "'No, Willie,' said I sadly. 'It wasn't the bee. I don't think the bee said anything to you. It was the little voice in your heart. There was a little voice talking to me all the morning.

7. "'We have been very naughty; but we can show mamma that we are sorry, by never playing truant again.'

8. "It was not long before my mother came up stairs with a bowl of bread and milk for each of us. We were not to go down stairs to dinner that day. That was part of our punishment.

9. "Mother bathed our hot, dirty faces and hands, put on our night-dresses, gave us our dinner of bread and milk, but asked us no questions.

10. "Willie choked and cried several times while he was eating his dinner, and I had never found bread and milk so hard to eat before.

11. "After we had eaten our dinner, mother put us both into our little beds. We had little rooms on opposite sides of the hall.

12. "'I will leave you to do some thinking,' she said.

13. "You cannot think how lonely, how unhappy, we felt! If I could have had Willie near me to talk to! If we

could have only put our arms around each other's necks!

14. "The blinds were closed, and the rooms were very cool and dark, and I suppose we must after a while have fallen asleep; for I called to Willie and got no answer, and thought, 'Poor little fellow, he's gone to sleep!' Then I knew no more till I heard mother calling my name.

15. "I opened my eyes, and there stood mother holding Willie in her arms.

16. "He had both arms around her neck, and I think he had been telling her all about the morning.

17. "Mother sat down by the bedside, and listened patiently, while I told her how naughty I had been, and how sorry I was.

18. "She bent over and kissed me, and said, 'I am glad you told the truth,

little daughter. Willie has just told me all about it too.'

19. "She helped us both dress, and we went down stairs to tea, two very quiet, but comforted children.

20. "I need hardly tell you that we had no desire to play truant again."

21. The children had listened to Mrs. Bell's story with great interest. But it was getting late; it was time for Gus to think of going home, and quite time for Bess and Ned to think about going to bed.

22. Gus said good night to all, after thanking Mrs. Bell for the pleasant time he had had. Then he went up the hill, home, and Bess and Ned got ready for bed.

23. The next day Gus told his mother the story of Mrs. Bell's truancy, and added, "Mother, I think I will learn from her."

LESSON XX.

dan′de li ons	dif′fer ent	de clared′
feath′er y	this′tle	vi′o lets
re mained′	tuft′ed	pop′pies
un der stood′	un der stand′	won′der ful
car′ried	de light′ed	care′ful ly

1. It did not take long for the spring vacation to pass, and the children were once more back in school.

2. The school-room seemed very pleasant that Monday morning, and teacher and pupils looked very bright and happy.

3. The dandelions had come, and several of the children had brought bunches of them to school.

4. They had called them the "children's stars," ever since Miss White had read them a story about a little child who called to her papa to come and see where the stars had fallen into the grass.

5. By and by the children would call them "mother wants." That would be later in the season when the dandelions would go to seed, and look like little balls of feathery down.

6. The children would pluck them then and blow, "once, twice, three times." If any of the little tufts of down remained, then *mother wanted them;* if none remained, *mother did not want them.*

7. Of course it was only a play; but the children enjoyed it each year as the time came for the dandelion blossoms to appear.

8. Miss White had told them that each little tuft was a tiny seed ready to be carried away by the wind. In this way the dandelion seeds would be scattered in every direction ready to sprout next year when the bright spring days should come.

9. The children looked at the dandelions with much more interest, now that they understood about the way the seeds were carried by the wind.

10. Miss White told the children facts about the seeds of different flowers, that seemed to them as interesting as fairy tales.

11. She told them about the seeds of the maple that are carried from place to place, as if on wings; the little tufted seeds of the thistle that are blown about hither and thither by the wind. They could understand better, now, why we say, "As light as the down of a thistle."

12. The children were quite delighted to hear all these wonderful things about seeds.

13. They declared they should watch the flowers in their gardens to see how the seeds were formed, and whether any of them were winged or tufted.

14. Miss White told them that they might find some plants that would burst their seed-pods and scatter their seeds in that way. Violets and poppies do this; and often we find new plants the next year, growing far away from where the last year's plants grew.

15. "Is it not wonderful? Think of the life shut up in these little seeds," she said one morning, as she held up some beans, and corn, and peas that the children were going to plant.

16. The children were much interested in planting the seeds, and watered them carefully each day.

17. Miss White took two or three wide-necked bottles, tied a piece of coarse netting over the tops of them, filled them with water, and laid a few beans and peas on the netting.

18. "Why do you do that?" asked some of the children. "I want you to

find out the little seeds' secrets," she said laughingly. "The little seeds we have planted in the pots cannot tell us until they put their heads up out of the ground; but these seeds we can watch each day."

19. In a day or two, the seeds on the netting over each bottle began to swell. The skin over them began to look puckered and wrinkled, and at last one or two seeds split open.

20. Miss White took these and pointed out the little baby-stem curled away inside.

21. "The rest of the seeds we will leave on the netting," she said. "We will not disturb them."

22. She was careful to fill the bottles each morning; for the seeds seemed very thirsty, and drank a good deal of the water. Perhaps it would be better to say that they absorbed the water.

LESSON XXI.

con tent′ed	re mem′ber	towards
ap pēared′	re′al ly	morn′ing
gar′den ing	thin′ner	al′ways
cu′ri ous	in′ter est ing	no′ticed
rug′ged	net′tings	a bove′

1. In a few days all of the seeds had opened; a little root appeared on each, and began to find its way down into the bottle; a little stem appeared on each, and began to turn towards the sun.

2. Each little pea seemed contented to rest upon the netting, and to send its root deeper and deeper down into the water, and its stem higher and higher into the air; but it did not stop here, for two tiny leaves appeared at the top of the stem. Each day these little leaves grew larger and greener.

3. Soon two more leaves came above the others. When these had grown a

little larger and greener, and the stem had grown a little, two more leaves appeared; and so the little plant went on growing taller each day, and sending out from time to time a new pair of leaves.

4. Each little bean, however, grew in its own way. When the root first started, the bean split, and as the stem rose in the air, it carried with it the two halves of the bean. These were really the first leaves of the plant. Day after day the stem grew taller; soon a pair of tiny leaves appeared at the top of the stem between the thick leaves.

5. Then the stem kept on growing higher and higher, leaving the pair of thick leaves and the pair of tiny leaves far behind it. Soon another pair of tiny leaves appeared, and by this time the pair that had been so tiny at first had grown to be quite large.

6. In this way the little plant grew taller and taller each day, and, as its leaves grew larger and larger, it kept sending out, from time to time, a new pair of tiny leaves.

7. Let me tell you a secret about the little pea that was contented to rest there on the netting. It was doing just the work God meant it to do, and that was to give to the stem and leaves above it the food that was stored up in its little round body.

8. And so it was with the bean, too, or rather the two halves of the bean, which, you remember, I told you were really the first leaves of the plant.

9. They had their little work to do; for they gave food to the growing stem and leaves above.

10. Day by day they grew thinner and thinner, weaker and weaker, till at last they dropped from the stem. Their

work was done, and the plant was now strong enough to go on growing without them.

11. All this was, of course, very interesting to the children in Miss White's school, and never had there been so much pleasure taken in gardening as there was this spring.

12. The children took great delight in watching the seeds on the netting that were tied over the bottles of water; but they took full as much delight in watching the seeds in the flower-pots to see them start. They could not, of course, watch the roots grow under the ground, as they had watched the roots grow in the water; but they had just as good a chance to watch the stem and leaves.

13. One very curious thing the children noticed; the little plants always turned their faces towards the sun.

14. Sometimes the children would turn the pots around, so that the plants had their faces turned towards the children; but by the next morning the little faces had all turned towards the sun again.

15. Plants love sunshine, and cannot do without it. Little children, too, need the sunshine to make them strong and rugged.

LESSON XXII.

harm'less	un der stand'	down'ward
fel'low	trĕas'ure	grate'ful
pit'ied	pen'e trate	trem'bling
gar'den er	fāith'ful ly	man kind'
blos'soms	star'tled	sec'ond

1. Miss White told the children the story of a boy whose mind was weak, and not like that of other boys. He was a very harmless fellow, and everybody

pitied him. He was very fond of flowers, and would shout with delight when he saw them.

2. There was a little patch of ground in front of his house; but the soil was very poor, so that not even the grass would grow in it. One day, Bobbie—for that was his name—went to see an old gardener who lived close by.

3. The gardener was setting out some beautiful rose-bushes; Bobbie was wild with delight over the beautiful blossoms, and talked to them as if they could hear and understand him.

4. The gardener, seeing Bobbie's delight, and wishing to give the poor fellow a little pleasure, said, "Bob, my good fellow, here is a rose-bush for your own. Take it home and plant it; but be sure to give it plenty of water, and plenty of good soil, for that is its food. Here; I'll give you a basket of earth. Do

you understand me, Bob? Plenty of water and plenty of good soil."

5. "Bob knows; Bob understands — 'plenty of water, plenty of soil' — Bob will remember."

6. The poor fellow took the rose-bush and the basket of earth home. He was afraid to tell anybody about his treasure, and waited till there was no one around, before he dug the hole in the earth, as he had seen the gardener do.

7. Then he filled the hole half full of the rich soil; held the rose-bush in place with one hand, and filled the soil in around the roots of the bush with the other hand.

8. It looked quite like the gardener's planting, and Bob gave a contented sigh when it was done. The foolish fellow, though, carefully built a little pen about the bush, so that not a ray of light or a breath of air could penetrate.

9. I suppose he thought he could keep it from harm in this way. Day after day Bob went faithfully to water his rose-bush, saying to himself, "'Plenty of water—plenty of food'—Bob knows—Bob remembers."

10. As the days passed, the bush began to wither; its leaves turned a sickly yellow and began to fall off. Bob was somewhat startled at this; but was he not doing what the gardener told him? And then he repeated, "'Plenty of water—plenty of food'—Bob knows—Bob remembers."

11. There came a morning, however, when hope was dead in the poor fellow's heart; for the rose-bush stood, a dry stick, with not a leaf upon it.

12. Bob looked at it for a moment, a picture of perfect despair, and then threw himself face downward on the ground.

13. There the poor fellow lay, sobbing, and moaning to himself, "Bob did it—Bob did it—'Plenty of water—plenty of food'—Bob did just as he was told. Poor Bob!—poor Bob!"

14. His friend, the gardener, happened to be passing, and called, "Bob, old fellow, what's the matter? How's that rose-bush?"

15. Poor Bob raised his face, stained with tears, and pointed sadly to the dried, withered stalk of the rose-bush.

16. "Well, well!" exclaimed the gardener; "but, Bob, my boy, why did you cover it all up like that? Did you not know that the plants need the sun and the air that God has given them, just as much as we need them?"

17. "You did not say so," moaned the poor fellow. "You said, 'Plenty of water—plenty of food,' and Bob did just as you said. Poor Bob!"

18. "You are right, boy," said the old gardener, with tears in his eyes; "I did say nothing about the sunlight and the fresh air. It was my fault more than yours that the rose-bush is dead.

19. "I am really sorry for my thoughtlessness; but cheer up, poor fellow! You shall have another rose-bush at once, and with the sunlight, the fresh air, and plenty of water and food, it cannot help growing."

20. Poor Bob looked up with a smile on his face and grateful words trembling on his lips, at the kind offer of the good old gardener.

21. The poor fellow had learned a bitter lesson from his sad experience; but his second rose-bush did not suffer as the first had done; for it basked in the bright sunlight, and had plenty of pure fresh air, that God has given to mankind and to the plants as well.

LESSON XXIII.

planned	par tic′u lar	coun′try
bolt′ed	fes′ti val	or′chards
swal′low	gen′er ous	fra′grance
bou quets′	hap′pi er	pros′pect
cus′toms	gen′er al	hol′i day

1. Gus and Ned were as much interested as any of the children in the many things that were talked of at school; still they did not forget the little surprise they meant to have for Bess upon her birthday.

2. You remember they had planned to paint Ned's sail-boat over, and to rename her "Bonny Bess."

3. Bess, of course, was to know nothing about it. She did not think it strange one Saturday to see the two boys go off into the barn chamber together, for she knew they were great

friends, and were always busy with some new plan.

4. One day, however, she started up into the barn chamber and was surprised to find the door bolted. "It's I," said Bess. "Please let me in!" "We can't, Bess," said Gus and Ned together. "We're doing something very particular. Please run away."

5. Bess felt the tears come into her eyes, and she had to swallow a lump in her throat before she could answer, "You don't know how lonely I am!"

6. "I suppose you are, Bess," said Ned. "Just run down, that's a dear, and we'll be down in ten minutes."

7. Bess went down stairs, and tried to console herself with her new story-book. I am afraid, though, she was thinking more about the secret that the boys were keeping from her, than she was about her new book.

8. She dropped her book into her lap and sat looking out at some robins that were flying about in the cherry-tree.

9. The cherry-trees looked very beautiful that morning. They were all in bloom, and seemed like huge bouquets. One or two of the trees—those that would bear early cherries—had begun to shed their blossoms, and the white petals lay like snow-flakes on the ground.

10. Bess knew that she must call these parts of the blossoms the petals; because Miss White had had a lesson upon blossoms, and had shown the children the petals; before that the children had called them the leaves of the blossoms.

11. Bess got so interested thinking about the petals upon the ground, that she quite forgot to feel hurt that the boys had a secret from her.

12. Her aunt came into the room as

she sat looking out, and said, "What's my Bess thinking about?"

13. "I was looking at the cherry-trees, auntie," said Bess. "Aren't they lovely this morning?"

14. "Very lovely," said her aunt. "I wonder if I ever told you about the 'Cherry Festival' that they keep in Japan?"

15. "Oh no, auntie; do tell me! But wait a minute, please; let me call the boys."

16. Bess, you see, was really a very generous little girl, or she would not have thought of the boys. I think she felt happier for calling them, when she saw how eagerly they came to hear what Mrs. Bell had to say.

17. "I had a letter a few days ago from Japan," said Mrs. Bell. "An old schoolmate is living there, and writes me about the customs of the people, and

other things that she thinks will interest me.

18. "Her last letter was written just after what is called the 'Cherry Festival.'

19. "The people take a general holiday when the cherry-trees are in bloom, and rich and poor, young and old, go miles and miles out into the country to see the cherry orchards. These orchards stretch away for miles, and the whole country seems like a vast garden of beautiful flowers; while the air is filled with the fragrance of them.

20. "All rejoice at the beautiful sight, and everybody is hopeful and happy at the prospect of a good cherry year.

21. "My friend writes me that later, when the plum-trees are in bloom, another holiday is taken, and the 'Plum Festival' is held."

22. "Oh how lovely it must be!" exclaimed Bess. "I wish we had cherry

and plum orchards here, so we could have festivals!"

23. The boys, too, looked as if they wished for the orchards. I never saw boys yet who did not like cherry and plum trees; but I think they care more for them when they are filled with fruit, than when they are filled with blossoms.

LESSON XXIV.

anx'ious	skil'ful	fur'nished
let'ter ing	crim'son	scis'sors
hard'est	pock'ets	darn'ing
hem'ming	thim'ble	stock'ings
fit'ting	em'er y	brack'ets

1. It seemed to Ned and Gus as if the days and weeks had wings that spring, they went so fast.

2. They were very anxious to get the sail-boat ready for the coming birthday.

3. One morning they were counting the days, and found that they had but two more weeks before the birthday would come.

4. The boat was ready all but the lettering; but, as Gus said, that was the hardest part.

5. Mrs. Bell had already made a pretty little silk flag for the boat, and Bess was busy hemming a sail for it. She did not dream what a surprise the boys had in store for her.

6. Mrs. Bell had not been idle either; for while the boys had been busy with the boat, she had been fitting up a beautiful little work-basket for Bess.

7. The basket was one that Mrs. Bell had bought at Mount Desert the summer before.

8. She had been keeping it all this time until Bess was really old enough to enjoy a work-basket of her own.

9. Mrs. Bell had taught Bess to sew, and she was a very skilful little girl with her needle.

10. The basket was lined with crimson silk; it had little pockets of silk on the sides. There was one for the thimble, one for the wax, and another for the emery bag.

11. Mrs. Bell had a little silver thimble for Bess, a little wax acorn with a real acorn stem, and a little red woollen strawberry for an emery bag.

12. Then she had furnished the basket with spools of silk, and of cotton, a little needle-case, and a dainty pair of scissors. There was a box of buttons, and a darning-ball, and some darning-cotton.

13. Mrs. Bell meant to teach Bess to darn stockings. She believed in children's knowing how to do useful things.

14. Ned had been taught to do a great many things that other boys knew

nothing about. He had a very good tool-chest, and he could handle his tools very well indeed.

15. He had made several brackets, and one or two book-shelves; lately he had been trying to make a book-rack.

16. Ned had confided to his mamma the secret he was keeping from Bess, and Mrs. Bell had promised not to look as if she knew anything was going on.

17. "The true way to keep a secret," she said, "is not even to look as if you had something to tell other people. Eyes can talk as well as tongues. If a person confides a secret to you, try to forget all about it until the time comes for it to be known.

18. "I do not think much of secrets, any way; but in a case like this, where you intend to give another person a surprise, I am very glad to listen, and to help you all I can.

19. "Suppose I make some paper dolls, and get them ready to take a sail on the 'Bonny Bess' when the day comes?"

20. "Oh, mamma," said Ned, "that would be very nice. Don't you think you could let Nan help you in some way? She is so fond of Bess."

21. "I think there will be no doubt that I can let Nan help me about the paper dolls," said Mrs. Bell.

22. "Nan is very nimble with her fingers, and there will be many little things to do that her hands are just fitted for. I have some very pretty heads of paper dolls, and I can draw the bodies for them, and Nan can cut them out.

23. "After I have joined the heads to the bodies with some good stiff mucilage, Nan can help me dress the dolls.

24. "I have some very pretty tissue paper of all colors. There is some

of a beautiful pink color; some is a delicate blue; some a very bright crimson; and some is the palest yellow, almost straw color.

25. "I think with Nan's help I can have quite a company of dolls to take a sail on the 'Bonny Bess.'

26. "You can pretend that the 'Bonny Bess' is a yacht, and that the dolls are a yachting party going to Mount Desert."

27. Ned was, of course, delighted at the plan, and went over to tell Nan about the paper dolls that she was to help make, if she liked.

28. Nan was only too happy to offer her help; but she said to Ned, "I am afraid I shall find it hard to keep the secret."

29. "You must do as mamma tells me to do, and 'stop thinking about it,'" said Ned.

LESSON XXV.

at ten′tive	sel′dom	writ′ing
be gin′ning	be lieved′	ad mired′
dis missed′	quot′ed	fif′ti eth
o be′di ent	nat′u ral ist	vol′ume
fail′ures	stud′y ing	man′u scripts

1. Everything was going on finely for the birthday. Mr. Bell, knowing that Mrs. Bell could not always carry out her plans with Bess at home, took Bess with him to ride several times.

2. Bess enjoyed these rides very much. Mr. Bell always found some interesting thing to point out to her, and Bess was very attentive to what he told her.

3. The fields were looking very beautiful just at this time of year.

4. The buttercups were just beginning to hold up their little heads, and the daisies were showing their little white-capped faces above the grass.

5. As Bess was in school every day except Saturday, most of her rides had to be taken after four o'clock. Mr. Bell used to drive up to the school-house and wait for the children to be dismissed.

6. Bess was always among the first; for she was one of "Miss White's Helpers," and never had to stay to take a lesson in *being prompt* or in *being obedient.*

7. Miss White did not like to keep children after school. She seldom kept them to make up failures; sometimes, if a boy or girl had been idle, the wasted time had to be made up out of play time.

8. Miss White believed that Nature was like a great book, far better than any story-book that she could put into the children's hands after the day's work was done.

9. She quoted to the children one day

the words that our poet Longfellow had written of Agassiz, the naturalist: —

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father hath written for thee.'"

10. It pleased the children to hear these lines about a man so learned as Mr. Agassiz was, and they asked Miss White to tell them more about him.

11. Then Miss White told them the story of the thoughtful little Swiss boy, whose eyes were always watching for the beautiful and the wonderful things in Nature, and whose taste for the study of every living thing, however small, grew stronger and stronger, till, when he became a man, he chose to spend his life studying and writing about the wonderful works of God.

12. "Will you tell me who wrote the

poem about Mr. Agassiz?" asked one of the boys, who had seemed most interested.

13. "Our poet Longfellow," answered Miss White. "Mr. Longfellow admired Mr. Agassiz, and wrote the poem for his fiftieth birthday.

14. "If you would like to hear it, children, I will read it to you," she added.

15. The children were only too glad to hear the whole of the beautiful poem from which Miss White had quoted but a few lines.

16. Miss White opened her desk and took out a volume of poems. She was in the habit of reading to the children from it on Friday afternoons, if the lessons had been well learned.

17. Perhaps you, my little friends, would like to read the poem that Miss White read to the children. Here it is.

AGASSIZ'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

18. It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

19. And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father hath written for thee."

20. "Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

21. And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

22. And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,

She would sing a more wonderful
song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

23. So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

24. Though at times he hears in his
dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

25. And the mother at home says,
"Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

26. It was time for school to close as Miss White finished reading this beautiful poem.

27. Just before she dismissed the class she asked the children to do something for her the next day; perhaps you would like to know what they were to do for her. She wished them to find out to what country they would have to go to find the most beautiful glaciers; she wanted them to learn what a glacier is, and what a naturalist is.

28. She promised to tell the children all she knew about a glacier when they had found out all they could for themselves.

29. She told the children that they might look in any of the books upon the table, and that they had better ask their fathers and mothers to help them look in the books at home.

30. As Bess and the other children passed out of the school-room, Mr. Bell was waiting in his buggy, in front of the door of the school-house.

31. "Well, Bess," said her uncle to her, "do you want a ride?"

32. "Yes, indeed, thank you," cried Bess, as she jumped into the buggy. Mr. Bell drew the linen lap robe over her, and taking the reins, told Duke, the horse, to go on.

LESSON XXVI.

lis'tened	mus'cles	toil'ing
si'lence	brawn'y	re joic'ing
chest'nut	thresh'ing	sor'row ing
spread'ing	par'son	at tempt'ed
sin'ew y	Par'a dise	for'tunes

1. It was a beautiful afternoon for a drive. There had been a gentle shower in the early part of the afternoon; just enough to lay the dust.

2. The air was cool and refreshing, and the whole country around looked like a beautiful picture.

3. The trees were well leafed out, and the fields were gay with buttercups and daisies; here and there an early clover blossom could be seen.

4. "Oh, uncle!" cried Bess. "I feel as happy as that bird that's singing on the limb of that tree."

5. A beautiful robin had just flown across the road, and lighted upon a tree whose branches spread into a broad shade overhead.

6. "I wonder if he thinks we ought to have more rain," said her uncle. "When I was a boy, back in the country, the old farmers used to say that the robins called, 'More wet—more wet.'"

7. "It does sound something like it," said Bess, as she listened to the rather sad note of the robin.

8. "Oh, uncle," she said, after a moment's silence. "We had a very pleasant afternoon. I do think Miss White is

the most interesting teacher in the world. She told us some very interesting things about Mr. Agassiz, and then she read us a poem that Mr. Longfellow wrote when Mr. Agassiz was fifty years old."

9. "I remember the poem very well," said Mr. Bell. "I am very fond of Mr. Longfellow's poems. I wonder if I could repeat one that used to be in my reading-book when I was a boy at school. Let me think a moment." Bess sat very still, and in a few minutes Mr. Bell repeated this poem.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

10. Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

11. His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

12. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

13. And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

14. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

15. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

16. Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;

Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

17. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

18. Mr. Bell had allowed the horse to walk while he was repeating this poem to Bess; when he had finished he looked at his watch, and, surprised to find it so late, he chirped to Duke, and soon they were trotting along at a good pace towards home.

19. Mrs. Bell was at the door, watching for them as they drew nigh. She

and Nan had had a fine time working on the paper dolls while Bess was off riding.

20. "Well, dear! Ready for supper?" asked her auntie, as Bess hopped out of the buggy.

21. "Yes, indeed, auntie. I'm as hungry as a bear," said Bess.

22. Mr. Bell drove the horse into the barn, called the hired man to unharness him, and then went in to supper.

LESSON XXVII.

re peat'ing	gla'cier	sur prised'
sev'en ty	health'y	nat'u ral ist
cush'ion	wealth'y	quot'ed
e'ven ing	ear'li er	Cam'bridge
for got'ten	pleas'ant ly	pres'ent

1. After supper Ned and Bess were talking over the pleasant time they had

had at school that day, when Mr. Bell said, "Ned, if you will bring me that book of Longfellow's poems, I will read you a very interesting poem, after I have told you why Mr. Longfellow wrote it.

2. "But first, I think I must repeat the poem of 'The Village Blacksmith.' Bess has already heard it; but I think she will not mind my repeating it to you."

3. "I shall like to hear it again," said Bess. "I enjoyed it so much before."

4. Mr. Bell then repeated the poem, and Ned was as much pleased with it as Bess had been.

5. Mrs. Bell said, "How that poem carries me back to my school-days! I can see the very page in the reading-book where it was printed."

6. Mr. Bell then went on to tell the children that when Mr. Longfellow had

reached the age of seventy-two years, the children of Cambridge, where the poet lived, made him a present of a beautiful arm-chair.

7. This chair is made wholly of wood, carved from the old chestnut-tree that stood near the shop of "The Village Blacksmith."

8. The chair is beautifully carved with horse-chestnut leaves, blossoms, and burrs. The seat of the chair has a verse from "The Village Blacksmith" carved upon it.

9. Under the cushion of the chair is a brass plate telling that the children of Cambridge gave this chair to one who was fond of little children, and has sometimes been called "The children's poet."

10. Mr. Bell then read the poem that Mr. Longfellow wrote to thank the children for their beautiful gift. Perhaps

some of you would like to hear it. If so, ask your teacher to read it to you when you have learned your lessons.

11. The evening passed very quickly in this pleasant way, and both children were much surprised to find that it was nearly nine o'clock.

12. They had almost forgotten to try to find out something about a glacier, and, also, about a naturalist.

13. They were eager to look in some of Mr. Bell's books; but Mrs. Bell would not allow it; she quoted to them,

"Early to bed,
Early to rise,
Makes a man healthy,
Wealthy, and wise"—

and then she added, "And *boys* and *girls* too. You had much better get up a little earlier to-morrow morning, than to sit up any later to-night."

14. Ned and Bess thought this would be a better plan, and after saying good night pleasantly, they went up stairs to their rooms.

LESSON XXVIII.

slip′ping	smil′ing ly	scanned
o bliged′	im ag′ine	sum′mits
in clined′	po si′tion	cu ri os′i ty
at tract′	di rec′tion	li′bra ry
at ten′tion	mov′a ble	en cour′age

1. The children awoke bright and early that morning, and lost no time in getting dressed. They were soon ready, and ran down stairs softly to look at some of Mr. Bell's books.

2. There was one book called "Nature's Wonders"; another, "Some Strange Things about Stones"; another, "The Strange Story of a Pebble."

3. Ned took the book called "Nature's

Wonders," and soon found something very interesting in it.

4. Bess was soon as deeply interested in "The Strange Story of a Pebble."

5. They were both so busy reading that they had no idea it was near breakfast time till they heard the bell ring.

6. They knew that Mr. and Mrs. Bell liked to have them prompt; so, slipping cards into the books to mark the places where they had been reading, they closed their books and went to breakfast.

7. After breakfast there was no time for reading; so they were obliged to go off to school without having found out anything about a naturalist.

8. The children were all busy talking when Ned and Bess arrived at school, but there was not much chance to learn anything from the others; for all seemed to be talking at once. That is a very

bad habit children form sometimes, and once formed, they will not always succeed in breaking themselves of it when they get to be men and women. Soon the bell rang for the children to take their seats, and all was quiet.

9. Miss White opened school, and by ten minutes past nine all the children were busy at work.

10. No one seemed inclined to waste his time that morning. Each child was anxious to do his best, in order to get through his work in time to have a share in one of Miss White's "Half-Hour Talks."

11. Anxious eyes were turned towards the clock, after recess was over, to see how much time was left. At half-past eleven Miss White touched her bell to attract the children's attention, and said smilingly, "Books and slates away. You may pay attention to me now."

12. I will leave you to imagine how quickly and quietly each one tried to put away his book or his slate, and to be in position waiting for Miss White's next direction.

13. "Face the side blackboard," came pleasantly from her lips, and the children turned quickly in that direction.

14. There was a small movable blackboard at the side of the room. Miss White turned this board around for the children to see a picture which she had sketched in white chalk or crayon.

15. There was a deep silence in the room as the children looked eagerly at this picture, which looked very much like a field of ice. In the distance lofty mountains could be seen, with their sides and summits covered with ice and snow.

16. Miss White stood patiently waiting until the children's curiosity to see

the picture was somewhat satisfied; then she asked, "What is a glacier? Who has found out anything from the books here in the school library, or from books at home?"

17. Several hands were raised; Ned and Bess raised theirs among the others.

18. "Annie may tell us," said Miss White to a curly-haired little girl in the front row of seats.

19. "A glacier is a great field of ice," said Annie, blushing somewhat because she was the first child called upon to answer.

20. "Right as far as you tell us," said Miss White to encourage her. "Who can add something to what Annie has told us?"

21. Robbie thought he knew some new fact; so Miss White called on him.

22. "It isn't a field of ice, such as we see about here," said Robbie, as he looked

about among the children, as if to see how well they remembered how the fields looked in winter. "This field of ice is near mountains that are covered with snow like that in the picture." Here all the children turned toward the picture with fresh interest.

23. "That's very well told, Robbie," said Miss White, kindly; "but I think we can find out something more from some of these children whose eyes look so bright.

24. "Lottie, what do you wish to say?" she asked of a little girl with long flaxen braids hanging down her back.

25. "The mountains near the glacier are very high; snow and ice are there all the year round. There are snow-storms on the tops of the mountains even in summer. I read about it in a book papa has."

26. "Do you remember any more about it, Lottie?" asked Miss White. "The children, I think, are beginning to understand a little better."

27. "Yes'm. When the warm weather comes, the snow and ice on the mountain sides begin to melt and run down towards the valley. I asked papa to explain it to me. He said that the ice and snow didn't melt away into a stream of water; but that they softened and melted enough to slip along down towards the valley."

28. "Well, Howard," said Miss White to a boy with eyes full of fun, who answered, "I've seen the ice and snow on our hillside melting in just that way. If a cold snap came, the stream would be frozen hard again the next morning."

29. "Was it frozen smooth and even?" asked Miss White. "No'm; it was lumpy,

and not easy to walk on; because in some places half-melted snow had frozen in with the water and ice."

30. "Thank you, Howard," said Miss White. "Perhaps Ernest can tell us where to look for high mountains. He went to the mountains last summer. Did you see any glaciers, Ernest?"

31. "No'm; when I was in New Hampshire, I saw plenty of mountains, and some snow-capped ones; but I saw no glaciers."

32. Here Philip raised his hand. "The mountains Lottie told us about are called the Alps."

33. "Yes; and the Alps are across the water, in Switzerland," said Bess, eagerly. "Mamma has told me about them in some of her letters."

34. "Mr. Agassiz was born in Switzerland," said Nan, who had not raised her hand until now.

35. "You have really found out a good deal about glaciers," said Miss White. "Suppose I read to you out of this little book written by some one who has been in Switzerland and has seen glaciers many times; after I have finished reading to you, we will have a little talk about naturalists." Miss White then read to the attentive children the story which you will find in the next lessons.

LESSON XXIX.

ea′si ly	hap′pen ing	trav′el lers
com′pa ny	Switz′er land	Al′pine
moun′tains	care′ful ly	re mem′ber
u′su al ly	steam′er	sum′mits
fa′mous	un der stand′	soft′ened

1. Most of you children know what a hill is, and could easily tell me what it looks like. Some of you have lived near

a hill, and have perhaps climbed to its top at sunset, and looked off to see the sun sinking like a red ball into the west; or perhaps you have coasted down its icy sides in winter, or rolled down its grassy slopes in summer. If you have ever lived near a hill, you have grown to look upon it almost as a friend, because you have had so many good times in its company.

2. Many of you, perhaps, have never seen a real hill, but have seen pictures of them, or built tiny ones with the sand at the seashore; or perhaps you have seen the hills which the tiny ants build, grain by grain. I hope you step carefully to one side when you find one.

3. Far across the water, so far that you would need to cross in a large ship or steamer, is a land called Switzerland. In that land are vast, vast hills, so tall that you would hardly understand me,

if I should try to tell you how many feet high they are.

4. They are so very different from the hills that we see about us, so much grander in every way, that people have called them mountains.

5. If you could place a tiny ant-hill and some hill you know about, side by side, and compare the two, you would know what I mean when I tell you that a mountain is as much grander and bolder than a hill, as a hill is grander and bolder than an ant-hill.

6. In our own country we have some mountains that are very lofty. Lofty, you know, means very, very high and grand.

7. Our mountains are usually covered with shrubs and trees, and are very beautiful to look at.

8. Across the sea in this country called Switzerland, which is famous for

its lofty mountains, many wonderful things are happening.

9. These mountains are, many of them, covered with snow and ice from one year to another. Look at them when you will, you can see them, in winter or in summer, with their white caps seeming to touch the sky.

10. These white-capped mountains look very beautiful, far more beautiful than any of our hills, or even our mountains.

11. Many of you can remember the good times you have had coasting down the side of a steep hill; but the side of one of these mountains would be too steep for you to coast down.

12. You often find it hard to climb from the foot to the top of the hill; but you would find it almost impossible to climb from the foot to the top of one of these mountains.

13. The people who try to climb these mountains carry stout sticks to help them on their way. These sticks have a little pointed piece of iron at the end, which can be pressed into the ice or snow at each step, to keep the travellers from slipping.

14. Perhaps you would like to know the name given to these sticks. They are called "Alpine stocks."

15. I want you to think of some of the good times you had last winter while snow-balling. I think you can remember that some of the very best and the very hardest balls you made were formed not from the snow when it first fell, but when it had begun to melt.

16. You had to be very careful how and where you threw these balls, for they seemed more like ice than snow after you had pressed and squeezed them into shape.

17. But let us think again about our snow-capped mountains. During the winter heavy snow-storms cover the tops or summits of the mountains with great masses of snow. These masses get to be very heavy, and begin to press downward against the snow resting upon the sides of the mountains.

18. During the spring and summer, as the days grow warmer, the snow upon the mountains grows softer and softer, though it does not melt to form water. You remember, I told you that mountains are very, very high; and I must tell you that the air is always colder high up on the mountains than down in the valley. So, even the warm sunshine cannot melt away the snow as it does upon the hillside.

19. The softened snow begins to slip, slip along down the sides of the mountains, pushing the snow below it farther

down towards the foot of the mountains, just as you have seen the snow begin to slip down the sides of the hills in the spring-time.

20. If you remember how the snow looks upon the sides of the hills, I think you will not find it so very hard to imagine how one of these mountains would look, with the masses of snow pressing down towards the valley at the foot of it.

21. The farther down the mountain-side these masses go, the more likely they are to soften, for the air grows warmer the farther down towards the valley it is.

22. As each mass presses against the mass below it, a strange thing happens; for both masses freeze together, and make a mass harder and much more like ice than the snow-balls you formed from the half-melted snow last winter.

23. Near the valley, however, the warm air and the sunshine help to melt this ice-like mass, and it pushes its way still farther down the mountain toward the pleasant valley itself, and so makes room for the masses of snow that are behind it.

24. As the masses of snow near the valley, one after the other, are pressed downward from the summit of the mountain by the huge piles of snow that press upon them from above, they freeze into one great solid mass which is so hard that it seems much more like ice than snow.

25. So by slipping and pushing, freezing and melting, the snow is constantly working its way from the lofty summit of the mountain towards the valley. And so you see it makes a difference whether snow falls on a hill or on a lofty mountain.

LESSON XXX.

con′stant	ver′dant	hun′dreds
freez′ing	won′der ful	pris′on ers
bloom′ing	peb′bles	hap′pened
im ag′ine	con′stant ly	bur′ied
lan′guage	scat′tered	im pris′oned

1. Let us think once more what we should find if we could travel from the summit to the foot of one of these snow-covered mountains.

2. First, at the summit, are mass upon mass, drift upon drift, of snow, all pressing towards the mountain-side. Here they become so heavy that they begin to press downward against the masses below. These press against other masses, and these against others. On the summit we should find the air very cold, even in summer; but if we should go down towards the valley, we should find the air growing warmer and warmer,

until it melted the masses of snow that would be slowly but surely slipping down towards the valley.

3. We should find this half-melted mass of snow pressed together more and more by the masses of snow pushing downward from the summit. This constant pressing would change it, and it would freeze into ice.

4. This constant melting and freezing would go on until the masses of snow had become changed into a broad stream of ice that would stretch far down into the valley; beyond the stream of ice all would be fresh and green, and we should expect to find the flowers blooming and the grass growing.

5. The warm air and the hot rays of the sun would soon melt the ice along the edges of the stream, and little pieces would break away just as the ice on the pond or river breaks up in the spring.

6. Would you like to know the name of this stream of ice which we have been trying to imagine?

7. Its name is *glacier*, and is made from a little word that means *ice* in the language of the country where glaciers are found. Let me tell you the name of this country of lofty mountains, wonderful glaciers, and verdant valleys; it is Switzerland.

8. Should you stand at the lower end of one of these glaciers, you would notice a stream of very dirty water pouring out from under it.

9. This stream of water flows under the stream of ice which formed the glacier, just as last winter the water in the river flowed on under the ice on which you could safely skate and slide.

10. If you should watch this stream of water pouring out from under the glacier, you would find pebbles and

stones. These have been pushed along down the mountain-side by the snow and ice that were constantly pressing down to the valley.

11. As the ice and snow melted and froze again to ice, the stream of water under the ice sometimes washes these pebbles and stones down towards the valley.

12. But if your eyes were sharp, you would see that the ice, as it formed, caught in its grasp many pebbles, stones, and even rocks that had been torn away from the summit and side of the mountain.

13. You would see them scattered all along, frozen to the surface of the glacier, or under it even, just as you sometimes see sticks or stones frozen to the ice, or under the ice, on the pond.

14. It may take hundreds of years for the stream of ice which holds them

prisoners, to reach the valley where the warmth of the air will melt the ice and set them free.

15. That such a thing has happened and can happen again, you would feel sure should you look about you.

16. Scattered here and there, you would be likely to find stones and rocks of all sizes and shapes, covered with scratches where they have rubbed and scraped against other rocks on the way down to the valley.

17. It may have been hundreds of years since these rocks and stones started on their long journey down the sides of the mountain.

18. First they were buried in the snow that covered its sides; but as the snow melted in the sunshine, and in the cold of winter froze again to ice, it held the stones like prisoners in its strong and chilling grasp.

19. Year after year the ice pushed slowly down toward the valley, taking its prisoners with it; till, reaching the valley, it began to melt in the warm rays of the sun, and trickled away in little streams of water.

20. Here the rocks and stones which had been imprisoned in the ice were set free, of course, as fast as it melted, and then were left thickly scattered all along the valley.

21. What a wonderful story these rocky travellers could tell us, if they could only speak! They are as silent, though, as the lofty mountains from which they came.

22. Only the scratches and furrows on their faces, and their smooth worn sides, tell us that they must have been a long time on their journey, down the mountain and along the valley, and that they are old, very old!

LESSON XXXI.

nat′u ral ist	cir′cled	in tent′ly
dis missed′	flut′ter ing	puz′zled
chat′ter ing	tow′er ing	wrin′kle
buzz′ing	ma jes′tic	pres′ent ly
pig′eons	hap′pi est	Christ′mas

1. The room had been so quiet while Miss White was reading from this interesting book that the children were quite startled to hear the sound of the village clock as it struck, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve!" Could it be twelve o'clock?

2. No one had had any thought of time; all had been too interested.

3. Miss White closed the book from which she had been reading, and said: "Children, I am sorry the time was too short for us to have any talk about what a naturalist is. Perhaps before the week is over we can have another talk. You

know how to earn the right to one, do you not?"

4. "Yes'm! yes'm!" answered the eager voices of the children.

5. School was now dismissed, and the children went home to dinner.

6. Such a chattering, such a buzzing was heard, as they went towards home!

7. No wonder the sparrows, hopping about in the road, flew away; no wonder the pigeons circled over the children's heads and made a great fluttering with their wings!

8. Nan and Bess walked along together, with their arms around each other. Gus and Ned were just behind them.

9. "Just look at the horse-chestnut trees!" said Gus. "Aren't they grand old trees?"

10. The trees were a beautiful sight. They stood on each side of the road and

lifted their towering tops towards the blue sky. I cannot tell you how grand and majestic they seemed.

11. "Do you know the name the little boy in my new book gave to the horse-chestnut tree?" said Nan, as she turned towards the boys.

12. "No; what did he call them?" asked Ned and Gus together.

13. "First, you must stand off here, and look up at this tree. There, do you see how it tapers towards the top? Now look at the blossoms. See how they are placed on the limbs. Don't they look like large wax candles placed on them? What does the tree make you think of? Think of the very happiest time in the whole year."

14. The children stood for a few minutes looking intently at the tree. The faces of the two boys looked rather puzzled. Bess had a queer little wrinkle

between her eyes that always came when she was thinking deeply.

15. Presently her face lighted, and she exclaimed, "Oh, oh! I know. It's like a Christmas tree!"

16. "So it is!" exclaimed Gus. "Why, it's just like a grand Christmas tree!" exclaimed Ned.

17. "Yes; that's what the dear little boy in my 'Stories for Kindergartens' thought; only his thought was more beautiful than ours, for he called the horse-chestnut tree 'God's Christmas tree.'"

18. "I am glad you told us about it," said Bess. "I shall always think of what you have told us whenever I see a horse-chestnut tree."

19. By this time the children had reached the place where they must separate.

20. Nan said good by to the others,

and ran home, while they walked on towards the hill.

21. When they reached the hill they looked at it with much interest; for the sight of it recalled some of the interesting story Miss White had read to them that morning.

22. While they stood there, the dinner bell rang for Ned and Bess to go to dinner; so, saying good by to Gus, they went into the house.

LESSON XXXII.

hum′ming	knowl′edge	as par′a gus
cheer′ful	fas′ci nat ing	des sert′
whis′tling	un der stand′	muf′fins
ge og′ra phy	bless′ing	dil′i gent
pleas′ant ly	ap′pe tite	pros′per ous

1. Gus started up the hill, humming a merry tune as he went. He was a

cheerful little fellow, and his mother often said, "I do enjoy a cheery whistle. I always know when Gus has had a happy time at school; for then I hear him whistling as he comes up the hill."

2. "Well, my boy?" she said as Gus bounded into the house, and hung his hat upon a hook in the hall.

3. "Oh, we've had such a good time!" cried Gus. "Oh, how I'd like to be able to travel! Just think, mother, of seeing real mountains, and valleys, and glaciers! Shan't I be glad when I study geography; but I shall be sorry to leave Miss White."

4. Gus had walked so fast that he was all out of breath, and his mother said, with a laugh, "There, there! Now wait a minute to take breath."

5. Gus nodded pleasantly, and after a minute or two added, "I know you think just as I do, mamma; I can see it in your

eyes. Wouldn't you like to travel? Don't you think geography will be very interesting? and don't you know how sorry I shall be to leave Miss White?"

6. "One question at a time, dear," said his mother.

7. "Yes, I should indeed like to travel; but sometimes those who stay at home and read the best books of travel, know far more about distant parts of the world than those who have been there, and have seen the places for themselves.

8. "There are eyes that see, and eyes that are of little use to their owners, so far as giving them new knowledge of objects around them.

9. "Now your second question. I have no doubt you will find geography a most fascinating study. I, too, shall be glad when you can take it up.

10. "As to your third question: I think it would be very strange indeed,

if you did not hate to leave so kind a teacher as Miss White. She has been very faithful, and I am very grateful for all she has taught my boy; when he gets to be a man, I think he will understand better that a wise, faithful teacher is as much a blessing to a boy, as a loving, tender mother.

11. "But come, dear; dinner is on the table." So Gus and his mamma went to the table, and were soon enjoying their dinner.

12. Gus was a strong, healthy boy, and as he never ate between meals, he always had a good appetite for his dinner.

13. To-day he enjoyed his dinner very much indeed; for there was roast lamb with asparagus on toast, and for dessert there was baked indian pudding.

14. Gus liked any kind of food made from indian meal. He was very fond of

corn-meal muffins; he liked johnny-cake, but baked indian pudding he liked better than either corn-meal muffins or johnny-cake.

15. The meal that his mother had used all through the winter and spring months had been ground from corn that came from the patch which Gus had planted and tended the summer before.

16. He took a good deal of pride in helping his mother in every little way that he could.

17. A boy who is not afraid of work will never have more given to him than he can do. A diligent boy will always make a prosperous man.

18. Gus liked work, and would often hum,

"Work makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong;
Play we enjoy all the better,
When we have labored so long.

19. "Gladly we'll help our kind parents,
Quickly we'll come at their call;
Children should love to be busy,
Yes, there is work for us all."

20. These words were from one of the songs that the children sang at school; and Gus used to say sometimes that he thought he liked the song "Busy Children" better than any of the songs that they sang at school.

LESSON XXXIII.

dis'tant	al though'	ech'oed
thun'der	viv'id ly	fright'en
light'ning	pro tec'tion	meas'ure
op'po site	a gainst'	pur'pose
tor'rents	shat'tered	wis'dom

1. Just as Gus and his mother were about to leave the table came the roll of

distant thunder, and presently a flash or two of lightning.

2. Gus ran to the window, and to his surprise saw that the sky looked very angry.

3. The clouds looked heavy, and swollen, and threatening, and were gathering fast overhead.

4. "I am in doubt about letting you go to school, Gus," said his mother. "I am afraid you will get caught in a thunder-shower. It looks as if it were not far off."

5. "I'm not afraid, mamma," said Gus; "and if it rained very hard, I could get under one of the shade-trees on the way to school."

6. "My dear boy, that is just the thing you should never do. Lightning is very apt to strike trees, and you would be much safer away from one than under one. You would be far

better off out in the rain than you would be under the shelter of a tree.

7. "When I was a child, I remember a tree that stood in a field opposite our house. It was a beautiful elm. One afternoon, a thunder-storm came up very quickly. The sky looked very dark and angry, the wind blew very hard, and presently the rain fell in torrents.

8. "I remember we had to shut all the doors and windows, although it was a very hot July day.

9. "The thunder rolled and roared; the lightning flashed so vividly that it quite frightened me.

10. "Meanwhile, the room had grown so dark that we could not see one another's faces, till a flash of lightning would make the room, for an instant, as light as day.

11. "Suddenly came a flash so bright that the whole sky seemed like a sheet

of flame; and the roar of the thunder was such that I ran and jumped into my mother's lap, as if for protection.

12. "'The lightning has struck near here,' said my father. 'Don't be afraid, little daughter. God guides the storm. Think how much better off we are than the birds; they are out in all this storm.'

13. "The storm lasted for some two hours, and as I grew more and more used to the roar of the thunder and the flash of the lightning, I lost all fear, since I knew God guided the storm.

14. "After a while the rain beat less fiercely against the windows; the wind seemed to lull; the clouds broke away, and we could see a patch or two of blue between them; the lightning ceased, and the thunder in the distance rumbled more and more faintly; the storm was over.

15. "That night father found our old brindle cow lying dead under the elm-tree. She had sought shelter under it, and had been killed by the same bolt of lightning that had shattered the elm; for our beautiful elm stood there with one side of its trunk torn and splintered by the force of the lightning."

16. While Gus had been listening to his mother, the rain had begun to fall in heavy drops, and presently a pouring shower set in. Gus stood looking out at the streams of water that gathered and ran like little brooks towards the edge of the hill, and began to run down its sides. He was now quite content to remain in the house.

17. The sound of the thunder as it echoed through the heavens did not frighten him; for he knew that God was in the storm as well as in the sunlight.

18. And besides, he knew that God made both the lightning and the thunder for some wise purpose, just as He made the sunlight and starlight, or the rain and snow.

19. Each thing that God has made is for some wise purpose. We cannot measure the goodness or the wisdom of God.

LESSON XXXIV.

chat'ter	Ten'ny son	in'di go
brim'ming	Eng'land	or'ange
for ev'er	ear'nest ly	prism
ac com'pa ni ment	e nough'	col'ors
ex claimed'	sep'a rates	pris mat'ic

1. "Look, mother," said Gus. "Do see the tiny rain-brooks running down on the side of the hill towards Ned's house. Do you suppose that is the way the real brooks form?"

2. "Yes," answered his mother; "first come the rain-drops, then the tiny little streams, which unite and grow larger till the little rills are formed; then these join other rills until in time a brook is formed. Do you remember the song Aunt Jennie sings about the brook?

"I chatter, chatter as I go
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever, forever."

3. "Oh, yes, I remember it well," said Gus, "and I do so like to hear the sound of the brook in the music that Aunt Jennie plays while she is singing."

4. "You mean the accompaniment, dear," said his mother.

5. "Yes, the accompaniment to the 'Song of the Brook' is very beautiful." "Do you know who wrote the song, mamma?" asked Gus.

6. "Yes; Alfred Tennyson. He is England's poet. Do you remember these words?

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
'Let me fly,' says little birdie;
'Mother, let me fly away!'
'Birdie, rest a little longer
Till the little wings are stronger.'
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

7. "What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
'Mother, let me fly away!'
'Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.'"

8. "I remember. We had them at school," said Gus.

9. "The poet Tennyson wrote the poem," said his mother. "I am very fond of it; when you were a little baby I used to sing it to you."

10. As she spoke, a ray of sunlight came into the room, for the rain had stopped while she and Gus had been so earnestly talking.

11. "See, Gus," she said. "It is going to clear. I think we might go to the door, and see if there is a rainbow."

12. Sure enough, there was a beautiful rainbow like an arched bridge across the sky.

13. Both Gus and his mother uttered a cry of delight when they saw it.

14. "Just see, mother," Gus exclaimed; "one end goes down just back of Ned's house! Oh, how beautiful! Just see the colors!"

15. "Try to name them," said his mother.

16. "Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red," said Gus, laughing. "We've had all the rainbow colors at school in our color lessons. Miss White has a prism that she keeps hanging in the window, and it catches the rays of sunlight on sunny days, and separates them into just the same colors as we see there in the rainbow. Miss White calls them prismatic colors."

17. "I am glad you remember so well," said his mother.

18. "I am sorry you had to miss school this afternoon, but I doubt if many of the children ventured out in such a heavy shower.

19. "It was fortunate that you had not started for school; you would have been quite drenched in such a rain, with no umbrella. The shower came up so quickly that, I fear, many people were caught out in it without umbrellas."

20. Gus and his mother stood for a few minutes looking at the rainbow as it faded away; then they went into the house.

21. The rooms seemed very close to them as they stepped out of the pure, fresh air, and they were soon busy opening wide the windows to let in the refreshing air.

LESSON XXXV.

bot'a ny	ar ranged'	swamps
ge ol'o gy	smil'ing ly	cow'slips
zo ol'o gy	sen'tence	mead'ows
an'i mals	dif'fer ent	road'side
ex pres'sion	tim'id ly	dan'de li ons

1. The next few days passed very quickly at school. The children did their best to gain time for another "Half-Hour Talk"; but the minutes

slipped away very quickly, as if they had wings.

2. On Friday morning, however, Miss White said, "Children, we will try to get a little time for one of our 'talks' this afternoon."

3. She then wrote on the board these sentences for the children to copy on their slates:—

"Botany is the study of plants."

"Geology is the study of the rocks and soil."

"Zoölogy is the study of animals."

4. The children were soon busy at work; for they knew by the expression on Miss White's face that she was planning something pleasant.

5. In the afternoon the children had their usual lessons, and at half-past three were told to put away everything from their desks.

6. "Be sure your desks are in good order," said Miss White. "If there are any broken pencils or waste papers, place them in the basket, as it is passed by Annie. Then arrange your books neatly in your desks; there is nothing that helps more to make the school-room tidy, than neat, well-arranged desks."

7. Soon all was in order. Everybody looked eagerly and smilingly at Miss White.

8. "Read from the blackboard," said Miss White, pointing at the first sentence.

9. The class read, "Botany is the study of plants."

10. "If you should study botany, what would be one thing you would want to learn?" she asked.

11. The children sat for a minute thinking. Soon a few hands were raised,

and presently quite a number of hands were raised in different parts of the room.

12. "Well, Annie," said Miss White. "I should want to know where to look for the different plants and flowers," said Annie, rather timidly.

13. "Quite right," said Miss White. "You would want to know where they make their homes; whether they live on the hillside or in the fields; whether they live in the woods or in the swamps; whether they like the warm sunshine, or whether they hide away in the shade.

14. "Who can tell me the homes of some of the plants that you know about?"

15. "The violet has its home in the shade of the woods," said Nan. "I have seen them growing under the trees."

16. "Yes; but some violets like the meadows," said Lottie. "Blue violets

like best to live where the ground is damp," said Miss White.

17. "The cowslips like the meadows for their home," said Fred. "I always go there to look for them."

18. "The may-flowers have their home hidden away in the woods," said James. "I had to hunt and hunt for those I brought to school the other day."

19. "I remember them, James; they were beautiful. I thank you for taking so much trouble for us."

20. "You are quite welcome, Miss White," said James, politely. "It was no trouble. I like to part the leaves and find the shy little things."

21. "Buttercups and daisies grow in the fields and on the hillside," said Bess.

22. "Dandelions grow in the fields and along the roadside," said Fannie.

LESSON XXXVI.

stud'y ing	wil'lows	ar bu'tus
gath'er ing	scat'tered	no'ticed
blos'soms	blos'som ing	ten'drils
sin'gly	nas tur'tiums	drug'gist
clus'ters	dah'lias	med'i cine

1. "You seem to know the homes of the flowers very well," said Miss White. "Is there any other thing you would like to know about plants, if you were studying botany?"

2. "I should like to know the time of the year when they bloom," said Eddie.

3. "Yes," said Miss White. "It would be one of the things we should surely want to know if we were fond of gathering flowers. We should want to know the habits of the plants we were studying. We not only should want to know where their homes are, but just how they behaved in them; whether

they climbed on the stems of other plants; whether they stood erect, or whether they trailed upon the ground.

4. "We should want to know, too, about the blossoms; whether they grew singly or in clusters.

5. "Perhaps some one can tell me when some of our different flowers bloom."

6. "The crocus and the snow-drop come very early in the spring," said Fred. "They come before the snow is wholly melted from the ground."

7. "The 'pussy-willows' come earlier than they," said Harry. "I had some this year long before I saw the snow-drops peeping above the snow."

8. "The dandelions come very early too," said Kitty. "I was quite surprised to see them this year. It was quite raw and chilly, and yet the dandelions looked very bright scattered over the grass."

9. "The cherry-trees blossom quite early in the spring too," said Maud. "The apple-trees are a little later in blossoming."

10. "The daisies and buttercups come about the middle of May. Last year they were late, and I did not see many before the first of June," said George.

11. "The wild-roses come the latter part of June," said Willie. "I think they are very pretty. I like the half-opened ones best."

12. "Our nasturtiums are always in bloom late in the fall, and so are our dahlias," said Hans. "Last year we had them till the frost came."

13. "Very good," said Miss White. "I wonder if you can tell me anything about the habits of the plants you have seen growing; whether they are erect, climbing, twining, or running."

14. "The sun-flower grows erect," said

Jennie; "but it turns its blossom to face the sun."

15. "The morning-glory twines," said Hattie. "We let ours twine on strings every summer."

16. "The may-flower trails along on the ground," said Julia. "My mother calls it the 'trailing arbutus.'"

17. "The sweet-pea climbs," said Hector. "I noticed ours last summer. They had little tendrils on them, and they wound these tendrils around the stakes that father had put down for them to climb on."

18. "The ground blackberry runs along the ground, and so does the wild strawberry," said Lester.

19. "I see that you know how to use your eyes, children," said Miss White. "Is there anything else that would be interesting or useful to know about plants?"

20. "I think I should like to know for what they were used," said Elsie, whose father was a druggist, and who knew that many roots and leaves of plants are used as medicine.

21. "I'd like to know whether they were poisonous or not," said Ruth. "I was poisoned with ivy once, because I did not know anything about it."

22. "I'd like to study about different kinds of trees. I should like to be able to tell the name of any tree I should see. I know how to tell a few trees now by their shape, by the form of their leaves, and by the color and looks of the bark," said Frank, whose father was in the lumber business.

23. "Then you think botany would be a useful as well as an interesting study?" said Miss White.

24. "Yes'm," was the quick response from the whole class.

25. Miss White then went to the board and wrote, "A botanist is one who is interested in the study of plants, and who spends his time in studying their homes and habits."

26. The children read this sentence with much interest, and looked at Miss White, as if to inquire, "What are we to do next?"

LESSON XXXVII.

con′cert	build′ings	quar′ry
bot′a nist	gran′ite	sub′stan ces
poi′son ous	trim′mings	con tin′ued
whole′some	fa′vor ite	won′der ful
move′ments	im por′tant	his′to ry

1. Miss White now turned to the blackboard, and asked the children to read again the sentences that she had written there that morning.

2. The children read in concert:—

"Botany is the study of plants."

"Geology is the study of the rocks and soil."

"Zoölogy is the study of animals."

3. Miss White then wrote upon the board, "A botanist makes a study of all kinds of plants to know their homes and their habits. He makes a study of their roots, their stems, their leaves, their blossoms, and their seeds or fruit.

4. "He knows their value to man for food or medicine. He knows which are poisonous and which are wholesome."

5. The children followed with their eyes the movements of Miss White's chalk upon the blackboard, and when she had finished writing, they read in concert what she had just written.

6. Miss White then asked the children to think about the rocks and stones they had seen about them, or to tell her about the soil that they had seen in the

roads, in the fields, in the woods, or near the seashore.

7. The children were rather puzzled; so she said, "Think of building-stones that you have seen. You have all been to Millbridge, and must have noticed the buildings there that are made of stone."

8. Her saying this helped the children to think, and they raised their hands quite rapidly.

9. "Granite is one kind of building-stone," said George, whose father had an office in the granite block at Millbridge.

10. "Sand-stone is used for the trimmings on houses," said Lucy, who had once been to the city on a visit.

11. "Marble is used too," said James. "There are marble floors and steps to the post-office in Millbridge."

12. "Slate is used for the roofs of buildings," said Tommy, whose father was a slater.

13. "You are beginning to put on your 'thinking-caps,'" said Miss White.

14. The children laughed; for this remark was a favorite one with Miss White, and they looked upon it as a good joke.

15. "Where do men get granite, marble, sand-stone, and slate?" said Miss White.

16. Everybody was anxious to answer this question, but Miss White called upon a little pale-faced boy, who had been too timid to raise his hand very high.

17. "Well, Max," she said pleasantly. Max stood, and a little pink flush came into his face as he said, "Men get them from the earth."

18. Here one or two hands were eagerly raised, as if their owners had something important to say.

19. "Well, Kitty," said Miss White. "What are you anxious to tell us?"

20. "I know the name of the place where they get granite. It is a quarry. I saw a granite quarry one summer when I went to Quincy."

21. "Yes," said Miss White. "You are quite right. Building-stones come from quarries. Suppose, children, you think of other substances that come out of the earth."

22. "Gold is dug from the earth," said Hans. "Iron too," said Fred, the blacksmith's son. "Silver and tin," said Hector. "Coal too," said rosy-cheeked Nell.

23. "Do we call the places from which gold, silver, iron, tin, and coal are obtained, quarries?" asked Miss White.

24. "No'm," was the quick reply from the children.

25. "What do we call them?" she asked.

26. "We call them mines," said Joseph.

"There are gold mines, silver mines, tin mines, iron mines, and coal mines. The men who work in them are called miners."

27. "Very good, Joseph," said Miss White. Then she continued: "The earth on which we live is not only beautiful, but wonderful. If we could know the history of all the changes that have taken place in the earth since it was first formed, it would seem to us like a fairy tale.

28. "Such a history would be far more wonderful than that of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' or 'Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp,' which boys like so well.

29. "We should learn how mountains and valleys were formed; and why some parts of the soil are sandy, others rocky, and others swampy.

30. "We should be able to tell something about the plants and animals,

birds and fishes, insects and reptiles that lived hundreds of years ago.

31. "There are men who have studied all their lives to discover the earth's history, and to tell it to others.

32. "They have found out a great deal and have written many interesting books upon geology; for that is the name we give to the study of the earth's surface, its rocks, its metals, and the fossils of plants and animals that lived ages ago."

LESSON XXXVIII.

fos'sils	skel'e ton	us'u al ly
lis'ten ing	ge ol'o gist	un locks'
im print'ed	moun'tain ous	se'crets
de cayed'	swamp'y	rea'son
con sent'ed	crea'tures	swim'ming

1. "Please tell me what fossils are," said Jessie, who had been listening care-

fully, but who did not understand this last new word.

2. "How many of you remember the lessons we have had in clay?" asked Miss White.

3. "Most of you remember, I see," she added, as the hands were raised.

4. "Clay, you remember, is soft at first, and becomes harder as it dries. See, here, I have a fossil fish. Years and years ago, this little fish, whose form you see imprinted in this stone, was swimming about merrily in some river or pond, just as fishes swim to-day in our rivers and ponds.

5. "For some reason the water in the pond or river dried up, and the little fish was left to die in the soft clay or mud at the bottom.

6. "As time passed on, the sun dried the clay, the soft parts of the fish decayed, and a picture of the skeleton or

frame of the fish was left upon the clay, just as you see it here."

7. Miss White then passed the fossil to the first little girl in the class for her to look at; she then told her to pass it to the other children for them to see.

8. After the fossil had been looked at, Miss White wrote on the board.

9. "A geologist makes a study of the history of the rocks and the soil upon the earth. He knows how the rocks look, and when he finds a new rock he can usually call it by name.

10. "He studies to know why some parts of the earth are rocky, some mountainous, some flat and sandy, some swampy. Geology is to him the key that unlocks the earth's secrets."

11. It was about time for school to close, but the children were so interested that Miss White consented to let them stay a little after four o'clock.

LESSON XXXIX.

men ag'e rie	crea'ture	scratch'ers
col lec'tion	feath'ers	ca na'ry
rep'tiles	fam'i lies	ea'gle
zo ol'o gist	re sem'ble	vul'ture
com pare'	un sheathe'	hes'i tat ing ly
struct'ure	wheth'er	un der stood'

1. "All of you, no doubt, remember when Mr. Barnum was over at Millbridge last year. Many of you, I think, went to the menagerie, and saw the collection of animals, birds, and reptiles that was there.

2. "There are men who spend their lives in the study of all living things, however small. The study of the forms, habits, and natures of living creatures is called zoölogy."

3. Miss White then wrote upon the board, "A man who makes zoölogy his life study is called a zoölogist. He

makes a study of every living creature, whether great or small.

4. "He knows their form and structure; when and how they make their homes; what they need for food, and how they obtain it.

5. "He learns to compare one creature with another, and notices whether one is like or unlike the other. He notices their way of walking or running, swimming or flying. He notices their manner of eating their food, — whether they tear it as the cat, tiger, and lion do, or gnaw it as the squirrel and mouse do, or whether they 'chew the cud' as the cow and ox do.

6. "He sees that some creatures are fierce; others, timid. He sees that some creatures are fitted to live upon the land; others, in the water; others, both upon the land and in the water.

7. "He finds that some creatures have

two legs and two wings; others have four legs; others have many legs; and some have none. Some have a covering of fur, some a covering of feather, and some have scales.

8. "He learns to divide all living things into classes and families; and when he finds a new and strange creature, he is able to trace out its relation to some creature he has seen before.

9. "The children of the same family usually resemble one another, and creatures that belong to the same family resemble one another in some way. Sometimes it is in the manner of walking, as the cat, lion, tiger, and leopard, which all walk upon the toes, and can sheathe and unsheathe their claws.

10. "The dog and wolf, also, walk upon the toes; but as they do not sheathe and unsheathe their claws, the zoölogist would call them a branch of

the family of animals that walk upon the toes.

11. "The bears, however, form a separate family; for they walk upon the sole of the foot.

12. "The zoölogist divides birds into classes. He notices that some are swimmers, as the duck and swan; others are scratchers, as hens, chickens, and barnyard fowls; others are runners, as the ostrich; others waders, as the stork and heron.

13. "He notices that there are songbirds, as the linnet, robin, and canary; and birds of prey, as the hawk, eagle, and vulture."

14. The children read this from the board in a way that showed plainly that they understood it and enjoyed it. It is pleasant to read about animals, but much more pleasant to see and study them.

LESSON XL.

col′ored	learn′ed	la′bors
rug′ged	skel′e ton	in′sect
wan′dered	com pared′	o′ceans
in struct′ed	mas′to don	migh′ty
ear′nest	el′e phant	de clare′

1. Miss White then said to the children, "Some time ago we had a little talk about Mr. Agassiz, the naturalist, and I asked you to try to tell me what a naturalist is."

2. One or two hands were raised, and Miss White called upon Kitty, whose hand was raised, to answer. "I think a naturalist spends his life in the study of natural history," said Kitty.

3. "What do you mean by 'natural history'?" asked Miss White, as Kitty was about to sit.

4. "I think it means anything in nature," said Kitty, hesitatingly.

5. "What does she mean by 'nature'?" asked Miss White.

6. "Anything that God has made," said Ned. "Anything about the earth and the things that live upon it," said Charles.

7. "You have the idea," said Miss White. "Let us think for a minute about Mr. Agassiz.

8. "I can imagine him as he must have been when a child, interested in everything around him. The lofty mountains with their snow-capped peaks, the verdant valleys with their many colored flowers, the rills and rivulets, the lakes and rivers of beautiful Switzerland,—these were all like dear friends to him.

9. "I can think of him climbing the rugged paths of the mountains, looking down perhaps upon the valleys below, where he tried to count the many little

lakes that lay like bits of the blue sky scattered here and there.

10. "The waterfalls that sparkled in the bright sunlight leaped and plunged from the highest peaks to the pleasant valleys below. There they wandered like silver streams over the land, till they found some quiet lake into which to empty.

11. "The fleecy clouds sailed in the blue sky over his head. The wind whispered its secrets in his willing ears. It came from the mountain summits, and whispered to him of its burden of snow on its icy sides. It came from the pine forests, and told him of the flowers, and birds, and other creatures that had their home there.

12. "The pebbles that lay at his feet, the rocks and ledges on the mountain-side interested and instructed him; and the bright-eyed thoughtful boy became,

as he grew older, the earnest, learned man, whom the world knew as Mr. Agassiz, the naturalist, whose best-loved teacher was Nature.

13. "Well, Annie, what would you like to tell us?" she said to one of the older girls, whose eyes looked as if she were eager to tell something interesting. "Have you something to tell?"

14. "Yes'm," said Annie; "papa took me once to the 'Natural History Rooms' in Boston. I saw the skeleton of an animal that lived ages ago. Papa says that there are no animals like it now; but that men who have studied about such things have found out the kind of food it needed to eat, and many other things about it. They know all this because they have compared the skeleton and the teeth of this fossil animal with the bones and teeth of animals that have lived lately. Papa says it is quite won-

derful how much man can find out if he uses the gifts that God has given him.

15. "This animal, the skeleton of which I saw, was very much like an elephant in shape. It was very much taller and larger in every way. It was called a mastodon.

16. "Papa says that wise men tell us that the trees must have been taller then than they are now, and that all plants must have been much larger and taller than those that we see growing now."

17. "Quite a long story, Annie," said Miss White. "Thank you. I think now, children, we have quite a clear idea of some of the things that Mr. Agassiz was interested in, because he was a naturalist; for we have seen that he needed to know something of botany, geology, and zoölogy. If we had time, I have no doubt we could find many other branches

of study that he needed to help him in his work."

18. Miss White then wrote upon the board: "A naturalist studies everything in nature; the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea. The works of God are wonderful to him, and he labors to tell the story of all that has had life since God first made the earth. The smallest insect interests him, since God gave it life. The valleys, the mountains, the rivers, seas, and oceans, the mighty rocks, and the tiny pebbles all declare the power of God.

19. "They seem to say to him, 'Tell of His power—His mighty works. Lead others to see what your eyes have discovered. Go, tell it to the world.'"

20. After the children had read this, Miss White said good night, and dismissed the school until Monday; for Saturday was always a holiday.

LESSON XLI.

ex cit'ed	cer'tain ly	throat
sus pect'ed	fin'ished	queer
cu'ri ous	ex claimed'	a loud'
nat'u ral ly	fol'lowed	ex cuse'
pack'age	A mer'i ca	eight

1. The next morning Bess woke bright and early; for it was her birthday

2. Ned was awake too; he could not sleep as late as usual, for he felt quite excited over the surprise he had for Bess.

3. Both children were down stairs long before the breakfast bell rang. Ned looked smiling, and wise, as if he could tell some very great secret if he chose.

4. Bess tried hard not to look as if she suspected that he had a secret; but she found it rather hard work not to be a little curious.

5. After breakfast Mrs. Bell gave Bess the little work-basket that she had lined and fitted up for her.

6. Bess was naturally much pleased with it. "Oh, auntie!" she cried, "it's just what I wanted. Oh, what a wee pair of scissors! Here is a silver thimble with my name on it, and a darning-ball! Now, I can learn to darn; and then I shall mend my own stockings."

7. Mrs. Bell smiled at the eager face, and said, as she bent over her, "Let me see; eight years old to-day. I think you deserve eight kisses." These she gave to the little girl who had been with her now over two years, and who seemed almost like her own.

8. Just then Mr. Bell came into the room, with a square package in one hand and a letter in the other.

9. "Oh, oh! A letter from mamma," cried Bess, running towards him.

10. "Yes, dear," said her uncle. "A letter from mamma, and a book from your uncle Bell."

11. "Oh, thank you, uncle," said Bess. "Will you excuse me, if I open my letter now?"

12. "Certainly," said her aunt and uncle, smiling at the happy little girl, because she looked so delighted.

13. Bess opened her letter and found a pretty little card from her mother, and a long letter in which her mother wrote that it would not be many weeks before she and papa would start for America.

14. Bess was almost too happy to speak. In fact, she could not speak for a few minutes, there was such a queer little lump in her throat.

15. Then she handed the letter to her aunt, saying, "You read it, auntie. Won't you please read it aloud?"

16. So Mrs. Bell read it to her. Just as she had finished reading it, Ned came in, followed by Gus and Nan.

17. They all looked excited, and when Bess saw them she exclaimed, "Now you are going to tell me something pleasant, I can see it in your faces."

18. Ned laughed, and said, "Don't you want to help me sail my boat?"

19. "Yes, indeed!" said Bess, jumping up from the cricket, where she had sat while her auntie read the letter.

LESSON XLII.

re moved′	col lec′tion	stop′ping
suc ceed′ed	gen′tle men	cov′ered
com′pa ny	as ton′ished	pres′ent ly
yacht′ing	pro posed′	pro ceed′ed

1. It did not take many minutes for her to get her shade hat; and soon all

four children were on the way to the pond.

2. Ned had the boat wrapped in paper, so that only the top of the mast could be seen.

3. Nan carried a good-sized pasteboard box in her hand; but she did not offer to tell Bess what was in it.

4. When they reached the pond, Ned removed the paper that covered it, and Bess read with eyes full of wonder, "Bonny Bess," printed upon its side.

5. "Oh, you dear boys!" she exclaimed, "that's why you wouldn't let me go into the barn chamber! How glad I am that I didn't get cross!"

6. "It was too bad, Bess, to keep you out," said Gus, "but you see we wanted to get up a surprise for you."

7. "Well, I think you have succeeded," said Bess, as she looked at the boat with a smiling face.

8. "Let's send her on a trip to Mount Desert," said Ned. "Play she is a yacht going there with a company of ladies and gentlemen on a yachting party."

9. "Yes, but what shall we have for the yachting party?" said Bess. "Shall we take some of the cones from under the pine-tree?"

10. "No, here's something better," said Nan in great glee, as she opened the pasteboard box, and displayed the collection of paper dolls over which she and Mrs. Bell had been so busy.

11. There were nine of them. Three gentlemen and six ladies. The gentlemen were dressed in blue paper yachting suits with gilt paper buttons. The ladies had on short blue or red paper dresses trimmed with white, and wore little sailor hats upon their heads.

12. Bess was too astonished when she saw them to say more than, "Oh, oh,

oh!" Then she gave Nan a hug and said, "You dear, dear girl. Did you make them all alone?"

13. "Oh, no!" said Nan. "Your auntie helped me, and I helped her. It was her idea. I did not know what I *could* do for your birthday, and then she proposed that I should help her make the dolls."

14. "They're just lovely," said Bess. "Won't we have a good time with them?"

15. The dolls were put on board, and the "Bonny Bess" sailed finely across the pond to a large rock which there was on the other side.

16. This rock the children called Mount Desert.

17. After stopping there for a short time, Ned waded into the pond, and sent the boat off in another direction.

18. This time the "Bonny Bess" went quite around the pond. None of the

yachting party seemed seasick; in fact, they all looked as if they were enjoying themselves.

19. After a while Mrs. Bell came down to the pond with a large covered basket in her hand.

20. "I wonder how you would like a basket picnic in the pine woods," she said.

21. "Oh, just the thing!" cried the children, as they ran towards her.

22. "So I thought," said Mrs. Bell. "Mr. Bell will be here presently, with a large pitcher of milk, and a basket filled with the tablecloth, napkins, glasses, knives, forks, and spoons."

23. "Bonny Bess" was drawn close up to the water's edge and fastened to a stake, that she might not float away.

24. Then the party proceeded to the grove. All was quiet and peaceful there. The children sat down under the trees

till they saw Mr. Bell coming, then they all ran to meet him.

25. It did not take long to spread the tablecloth upon the ground, and set the ground table, as Bess called it.

LESSON XLIII.

de li′cious	boun′ti ful	bab′bling
del′i cate	par tic′u lar ly	glanc′es
pon′dered	wiz′ard	pet′als
in vit′ing	news′pa per	blush′ing
jus′tice	leg′end	beau′ti ful

1. Mrs. Bell had brought a very wholesome and delicious lunch. There were cold chicken, cold ham, delicate slices of bread and butter, cookies, sponge cake, and, best of all, strawberries to be eaten with powdered sugar and plenty of rich cream; for Mrs. Bell had not forgotten to place a pitcher full of

cream in the basket, when she was filling it for Mr. Bell to bring.

2. The table looked very inviting when it was fully spread.

3. Everybody did full justice to the bountiful lunch. The strawberries were particularly sweet and ripe. The children declared they needed scarcely any sugar, for they were sweet enough without any.

4. "Bess," said Mr. Bell, "you forgot to look at your new book this morning, you were so excited;" and he took the package from his coat pocket as he spoke.

5. "Why! so I did," exclaimed Bess, as she thanked her uncle, and took the package from his hand.

6. It did not take long to get the string untied and the paper undone. Bess read with delight the name upon the pretty blue cover, "Dame Nature's

Story Book." Her uncle smiled as she said, "Oh, uncle, are you a wizard? How *did* you know that I wanted this very book?"

7. "Oh, I hear a good deal from behind my newspaper," said her uncle, pinching her cheek.

8. "Let me see the book, dear," said Mrs. Bell. "Would you not like me to read you children a story from it?"

9. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed all four children in one breath. "It will be delightful to listen to a story here under the old pine-trees."

10. Mrs. Bell opened the pretty book, and exclaimed, "If this isn't strange! Here's a story about the strawberry."

11. "Oh, read it, mamma," cried Ned. "Yes, please read it," said the others. So Mrs. Bell read "The Legend of the Strawberry." The story is printed in the next lesson.

LESSON XLIV.

leg′end	dain′ty	smil′ing
straw′ber ry	laugh′ing	pro nounced′
fright′ened	con tent′ed	lunch′eon
re fresh′ing	pleas′ant	in′ter est ing

THE LEGEND OF THE STRAWBERRY.

1. Shall I tell you about the little strawberry blossom? It was growing in the cool woods close beside a little brook that ran laughing and babbling by. The little strawberry blossom bent its head over the brook to see its little face in the clear water. "Ah, ah!" laughed the little sunbeam. "Are you so vain as that?" The little strawberry blossom was ashamed and hid her face under the green leaves, and trembled for fear the sunbeams would find her. In her fear, she dropped all her little white petals.

2. Day after day, when the little sunbeams came dancing into the woods, the frightened little strawberry crept more closely under the leaves, blushing, as she felt the sunbeams' glances.

3. She never looked in the brook again, and blushed redder and redder each day, as she saw the sunbeams. Poor little strawberry! she did not know how beautiful she was, blushing under the green leaves.

4. "Here is another that looks interesting," said Mrs. Bell, when the children had stopped talking about the legend.

THE MOSS ROSE.

5. The little German children tell a pretty story about the moss rose. The day had been very warm, and the angel who has care of the flowers was very weary. He lay down in the shade of a rose-bush and fell asleep. In the cool of

the evening he woke and spoke to the little rose-bush.

6. "Dear rose, I have had a refreshing sleep. Is there not something I can give you in return for your friendly shade?" The little rose hung her head and blushed modestly, but said nothing.

7. "I will make you more beautiful than all the roses in the garden," said the angel, as he touched her gently, and at the touch, the little rose stood decked in mossy green.

8. "How beautiful!" said all the other roses as they saw her face half hidden, half peeping out from the dainty moss.

9. The children were very much pleased with these stories, and Mrs. Bell said to her husband, "I think you have given Bess a very instructive, as well as a very interesting book. The stories are fully as pleasing as any fairy tales I ever read."

10. "Yes," said Mr. Bell. "The clerk at the book store where I bought it said that it really was a book of fairy tales from nature. I think he was quite right."

11. It was getting rather late; so the children helped Mr. and Mrs. Bell pack the tablecloth, napkins, glasses, pitchers, knives, forks, and spoons in one basket, and the remnants of the luncheon in the other.

12. All pronounced the lunch a perfect success. Mr. and Mrs. Bell and the two little girls started towards home, while Ned and Gus ran back to the pond to get the "Bonny Bess" and the yachting party.

13. The yacht and her party were all safe. Gus packed the dolls very snugly in the box, and carried them back to the house in that way, while Ned carried the boat.

14. Mrs. Bell had an early tea for them, consisting of bread and milk, and blanc-mange flavored with lemon.

15. After tea Nan went home to tell mamma what a pleasant time she had had, and how much Bess liked the paper dolls.

16. Gus went up the hill whistling merrily, "Happy day, happy day."

17. Ned and Bess were too tired to beg to stay up very late after their little guests had gone.

18. So bidding Mr. and Mrs. Bell good night, they went up stairs to their rooms.

19. Bess was a very tired, but a very happy and contented little girl that night.

20. She fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow, and dreamed happily of her mamma and papa, who were so soon to be with her.

21. Mrs. Bell went into the room to look at her before she went to her own room, and found her smiling in her sleep. "Dear little loving heart," she said, "I hope she will always keep it as pure and kind as it is now!"

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